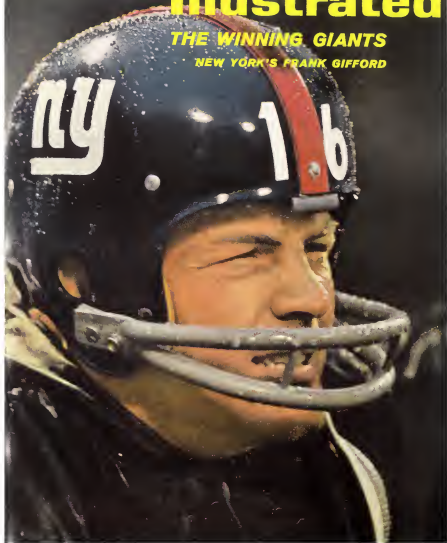


# Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 17, 1962 25 CENTS

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## Next week

**WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?** Some say he is ugly, some say he is soft (he did), but only fools say he is timid or cowardly. The U.S. heritage is one of boldness, as the distinguished biographer and historian, Catherine Drinker Bowen, states in a brilliant essay that opens an exciting reappraisal of the American spirit. In subsequent pages the bold American is shown—in words, paintings and photographs—in his many guises: the lofty peaks, the ocean depths, the distant plains. But whether high, low or far away, he still displays the non-conformist audacity that won the first—and last—frontiers.



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## POINT OF FACT

A quiz on the Davis Cup to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of tennis zealots and armchair experts

? What was the origin of the Davis Cup?

• Dwight F. Davis, a young American tennis player (U.S. doubles champion, with Holcombe Ward, 1899-1901), traveled with friends from New York to California in 1899, playing exhibition matches and meeting leading lawn tennis players across the country. He was so impressed with the enthusiasm for tennis in the U.S. that he decided to donate a trophy for international competition to the U.S. National Lawn Tennis Association. The cup officially was offered to and accepted by the USNLTA in the winter of 1900, and was named the Davis International Tennis Trophy. The contest was open to men's teams of any country, but was expected to be between the U.S. and British Isles, who had been competing informally since the early 1880s.

? Britain was the challenger in the first Davis Cup contest, which took place at Boston's Longwood Cricket Club in August 1900. What were the results and who were the players?

• The U.S. shut out the British Isles in three matches (two singles, one double). Playing on the American team were Dwight Davis and Malcolm Whitman, in the singles, and Holcombe Ward, who won the doubles with Davis. Britain was represented by Arthur Gore, Ernest Black and H. Roper Barrett.

? The U.S. kept the Davis Cup only three years before two Irish brothers took it over to Britain. Who were they?

• Reginald and Hugh Laurence (H.L.) Doherty. They took on the three-man team of

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## POINT OF FACT

William Larned and brothers Robert and George Wren (George played only in the doubles), easily winning the 1903 Davis Cup matches 4-1. It would have been a shutout had not Reginald Doherty defaulted a singles match because of a lame arm. (For the next three years the British team, led by the Dohertys, did prevent the cup challengers from winning a match against them. This succession of three straight shutouts — one against Belgium and two versus the U.S. — still holds the record in Davis Cup competition.)

7 In 1907 Australia (Australia and New Zealand) became the first "outsider" to win the Challenge Round. It has trends states before a fourth power won the Davis Cup matches. What country was that and who were the members of her team?

• In 1927 France's "Four Musketeers" — Rene Lacoste, Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra and Jacques (Totot) Brugnon — ended a seven-year stretch of U.S. supremacy, winning the cup three matches to two. The star, Lacoste, defeated Little Bill Johnston (6-3, 6-2, 6-2) and Big Bill Tilden (6-3, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2). Cochet lost to Tilden but defeated Johnston in four sets. Borotra and Brugnon barely lost the doubles in five sets.

7 What was Jean Borotra's nickname?

• The Bounding Besque.

7 How long did France retain the Davis Cup?

• Six years. After 1927 she defeated the U.S. four more times and Britain once, before being beaten by the latter in 1933. Since then France has never reached the Challenge Round.

7 Since the Davis Cup matches were inaugurated, 100 teams from seven countries have played in the Challenge Rounds. What are the countries and their records?

• The United States has played in 41 Challenge Rounds, winning the cup 18 times. Australia has a better percentage, having won it 17 times in 30 attempts, and Great Britain has won the cup nine times in 16 tries. France has played in nine Challenge Rounds, losing two to the U.S. before its six-year winning streak started (1927-1932). No other country has won the Challenge Round, although Italy has played twice (lost to Australia in 1960 and 1961), Belgium once (shut out by the British Isles in 1904) and Japan once (beaten 5-0 by the U.S. in 1921).

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# SCORECARD

## FOUL, FAIR OR FAKE?

Several million people watching TV last Saturday night saw Welterweight Champion Emile Griffith knock down Jorge Fernandez with what seemed to be a low blow—a foul—and were startled a few minutes later when Griffith's hand was raised in victory after Fernandez said he was unable to continue. Referee Harry Krause told the TV audience that he had given the fight to Griffith because Emile was ahead on points, but this was an error, as Krause himself admitted later. The fight went to Griffith because Nevada's boxing rules (the fight was held in Las Vegas) state that "no contestant may be awarded a contest on a claim of a low foul blow." When Fernandez refused—or was unable—to go on, Krause had no choice but to award the fight to Griffith.

The "no foul" rule is a good one, if imperfect. It came into being three decades ago because too many fights were ending with one man dramatically clutching himself and claiming victory because he had been fouled. Too often, invalid claims were allowed. With the introduction of the protective cup came the "no foul" rule, in the majority of states if a boxer refuses to continue, it is a technical knockout.

It is ironic that Griffith, a decent kid who gained almost intolerable attention last winter after his fatal knockout of Benny Paret, should again win a fight under lamentable circumstances. But there should be no question that the punch, if it was, in fact, low, was accidental, unintentional and, possibly, not disabling. It is, indeed, a curious coincidence that Fernandez claimed a similar foul in a bout with Isaac Logart.

## J. G. TAYLOR SPINK

In the issue of *The Sporting News* that was on the newsstands there was a two-column headline which read: SKUMBS SALUTE "BIBLE" PUBLISHER. Within the memory of its oldest reader, no issue of the famous baseball weekly had failed to carry some similar tribute to J. G. Taylor Spink, its owner, who died at his home in Clayton, Mo. last week at the age of 74.

He seemed to people who knew him only through his paper to be an inordinately vain man. But he seemed to be many things that he was not. He seemed to be harsh and cruel, but he was secretly softhearted and kind and thoughtful of people in trouble. He seemed to be negligently, but he was generous when generosity was sorely needed.

His apparent vanity was hardest to explain. The President of the United States could not fully satisfy him with a personal letter, nor could any plaque or scroll and standing ovation at a testimonial dinner. And yet, met face to face, he was a humble man. Perhaps what he really feared was that if people did not appreciate Taylor Spink, they would not fully appreciate *The Sporting News*. And if people did not appreciate baseball's own bible, how could they fully appreciate the game it covered from the major leagues down to the lowliest of the minors?

The Baseball Writers' Association of America has petitioned the officers of the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y., for a place to put a plaque on which the names of the great baseball journalists would be listed. Hopefully, it would hang within a pepper-game toss of the plaques honoring immortals like Ruth and Cobb. Nothing is definite about the project as yet. But there has been one unanimous decision: in the listing of the names, that of John George Taylor Spink will lead all the rest—a final tribute and perhaps one this man was seeking through the years for a paper and a game he loved and served so well.

## THE KENNEDY GAME

People who were amused by the bestselling phonograph record, *The First Family*, should have fun with a new board game called "The Kennedys," created by Alfred Harrison and Jack Winter of the Harvard Lampoon. Marketed by mail by Harrison and Winter Inc., 45 W. 18th St., New York City, the game is subtitled "The Game of Intra-Family Power Struggle." There are six pieces—called Jack, Jackie, Bobby, Teddy, Caroline and John Jr.—and the idea is to "strive to triumph

over your relatives in the contest to take over the country." Players are allowed to go to a "conference room" to make deals. A player wins when he has amassed a certain number of cards ("Popular Support," "Personal Image," etc.). The money used to swing deals has Joe Kennedy's picture on it. The box cover of the game shows all the Kennedys carved into Mount Rushmore. The price is \$4.25 (\$4.50 west of the Mississippi).

"The game has lots of strategy," says Jack Winter. "It's like chess or bridge, and the complexity of a game depends upon the complexity of the minds of the players involved. It's all in good fun. Actually I'm a very ardent Kennedy supporter."

## MT. COMMONWEALTH

Mt. Commonwealth, in Boston, was 29,000 feet smaller than the world's tallest mountain, 3,400 feet smaller than the tallest mountain in Massachusetts, and was torn down and removed completely a week ago Sunday night. In its brief four-day existence, Mt. Commonwealth



displayed a summit 28 feet high, a rope tow servicing a ski slope 100 feet long and 22 feet wide, nine of the world's finest skiers, a ski race and no snow whatsoever.

The mountain was a pipe and plywood structure in Commonwealth Armory. The slope was a bristling carpet of plastic blocks that looked like bathtub back brushes. The race was a whimsical affair, originally titled *The World's First Professional Indoor Slalom Championship*, which could be taken as seriously as the Henley Regatta if the crews were rowing up your bathtub.

Still, a crowd of 2,200 paid spectators, more curious than knowing, came to watch, and Ted Dutton, the new presi-

dent of the International Professional Ski Racers Association, dryly informed them over the public-address system, "The mountain has a vertical drop of 4,000 feet, we were fortunate in getting six inches of fresh powder just this afternoon." There was no response. Dutton cleared his throat and tried again. "The course is somewhat more arduous than snow. One has to bore holes to set the slalom poles." The crowd picked its teeth.

The skiing itself was unforgettable. Tony Spass slid down the back brushes, skidded across wet paint on the runout, and demolished a table loaded with glasses left over from the press party the night before. "The wet paint," Spass said, "it is very fast." Stein Eriksen waxed his skis with soap and turned in the fastest first run of the evening.

The temperature at the summit, seven feet below the ceiling of the crowded armory, was 87°. "Hot!" said Karl Burt-scher, his bald head gleaming. "Ach! It's Honolulu!" The warmer it got, the harder it was to hold an edge on the back brushes. Setzmarks—loosened blocks—began to appear. Gatekeepers dutifully stapled them back into the plywood, but after four runs eight of the nine competitors had been disqualified. If there are nine horses in a race, and eight of them drop dead on the track, the event tends to lose its significance.

The racers—just about the best skiers in the world—were beginning to look like Ray Robinson tap dancing in a saloon. For IPSRA, finally on its feet after two staggering years, it would have been damaging indeed, but Ted Dutton wisely interceded. "This kind of thing has never been done before," he explained. "Who knew what would happen? Now we know. This isn't racing." The racers themselves agreed, and voted to divide the prize money equally.

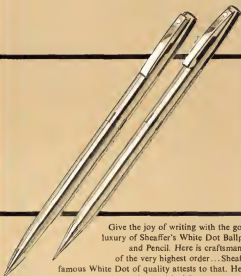
The next stop on the IPSRA tour will be at Aspen, Colo., on January 5 and 6. The event will be out of doors.

#### REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

The Good Outdoor Manners Association, dedicated to improvement of the etiquette of all who hunt, fish or otherwise enjoy the outdoors, soon will pass out its annual awards—praise for the group or individual with the best manners, a lambasting for the worst abuses of outdoor resources. Winners will be announced in February. Entries postmarked no later than January 1 will be considered. Send them to the association at 4534½ University Way, Seattle 5, Wash.

continued

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the Boston Celtics' basketball star, had a different experience. Cousy, now in his 13th and last season with the Celtics, takes over next year as basketball coach at Boston College. The other day he visited B.C. to size up his future squad and got into a varsity-freshman scrimmage, playing with the freshmen. Cousy intercepted a varsity pass and a freshman named John Austin broke for the basket. "Mr. Cousy! I'm open!" Cousy, suddenly feeling terribly old, dissolved into laughter, as did everyone else. Frank Power, who is serving as interim coach, said to young Austin, "John, this proves two things. One, you're a gentleman and two, you know enough to call for the ball when you're open."

#### NO JOKE

Parents of high school kids are aware of a magazine called *Mad*, which specializes in satire. *Mad's* satire is usually fairly obvious and the humor broad, but once in a while it becomes harsh and pointed and the humor gets bitter. Consider these lyrics from a song called *High School Basketball Game* in a record album put out by *Mad*.

*I'll still wear your high school ring  
to show you things are the same  
'Cause my love is true,  
And I never will hate you for the cause  
the high school basketball game. . . .*

*For I know the reason you took the  
hate, I heard it from your mom.  
You were just trying to get money  
to take me to the senior prom. . . .*

*And I'll always send you mad while  
you're serving time in jail  
For throwing the high school basket-  
ball game.*

By Richard M. Rogers, author of *Rocky*  
© 1961 by RALPH M. ROGERS

#### RECESSION

A couple of financial notes from the college football scene. Ohio State's "poor" season—compared with its expectations—caused a drop-off in average attendance from 82,972 per game to 80,248, which seems minuscule, but the revenue lost by that drop would have paid Coach Woody Hayes's entire staff of assistants for the year. Another Big Ten team, Michigan, had a loss of about \$200,000—or enough to pay the assistant coaches for almost four years.

END

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# SHOWDOWN IN YANKEE

Illustration by Wayne Alexander



## THE FLAMBOYANT GIANTS

If, as most people suppose, pro football teams reflect rather accurately the personality of the coach, then Allie Sherman has a split personality. He is a quiet, soft-spoken man who has never criticized a player to the press and probably never will. He seems an introspective, conservative man.

His football team, on the other hand, is a robust, helter-skelter club with one of the most imaginative and audacious offenses in football. They are as flamboyant as curvy barkers and as daring as buccaners.

This is a team predicated on unexpected plays—perhaps a quick, long scoring pass, perhaps a double reverse. Part of the team's personality derives from Y. A. Tittle, who has grown bald but not cautious in 12 years as a pro quarterback. He is the

living refutation of the theory that there are old quarterbacks and bold quarterbacks, but no old, bold quarterbacks.

The Giant defenders, run by the equivalent of Tittle in Andy Robustelli, have the same flair for the spectacular as the offense. They are willing, upon occasion, to gamble and they place their bets with a flair and a flourish. Their daring has put them near the top of the league in pass interceptions.

Sherman exploits this natural bent with an ingenious and exciting offense. He used an end around play against Dallas, with Frank Gifford carrying, and the play scored because it was totally unexpected. He will certainly have surprises in the championship game, too. Spectacular ones.



## THE HAPPY,

A few weeks ago, as the Detroit Lions prepared for their crucial game against the Baltimore Colts, some 14 or 15 Lion progeny, ranging in age from 2 to 10, wandered happily in the confines of Tiger Stadium while their fathers enjoyed themselves. The Detroit players worked hard, but there was none of the griminess about them that characterizes some of the practices at other NFL parks. This is a relaxed though coldly efficient team that seems to get more fun out of the game than most. It also plays football better than most.

It took Milt Plum, fresh from the austere atmosphere of the Cleveland practices, some time to adjust to the casual efficiency of the Lions. "He is only just now getting into the spirit of it," one of the Detroit backs said.



# STADIUM

The New York Giants turned into a winning team in the last half of the pro season and captured the Eastern title. But when they meet the Green Bay Packers or—less likely—the Detroit Lions for the championship, they will find the West too tough by **TEX MAULE**



## RELAXED LIONS

"He was too tense for a long time. He's relaxing more now and he plays better for it."

This low-pressure atmosphere is not an accident—George Wilson, the Detroit coach, wants it that way. He is a big, dark, slow-moving man with a sly sense of humor flickering behind sleepy eyes. He is a permissive coach; he considers his players mature enough to discipline themselves, to call signals, to play football—and he lets them do it at their own pace, more or less.

Plum calls the Lion offense and Joe Schmidt the defense, with little or no interference from Wilson. Schmidt uses blitzes lavishly and plays with the quality of assurance that imbues this whole team. They take a fierce pleasure in playing football.



## THE METHODICAL PACKERS

Bart Starr, the quarterback of the Green Bay Packers, was a careful, meticulous student at Alabama, ranking in the top 10% of his graduating class. He has retained these characteristics and is now the perfect quarterback for the Green Bay Packers, a football machine built on Coach Vince Lombardi's theory that the team that errs the least wins the most.

Green Bay disdains, for the most part, any use of trickery or deception on both offense and defense. That is not to say that this team is a dull one; the perfection of performance that opens a hole for Jim Taylor creates excitement in that Taylor, the best fullback in the league, then has the opportunity to run, which is thrilling enough for anybody. The Packers, in fact, are more apt than

the Giants to break loose for the long gain on the ground.

But the team operates on methodical, machine-like power and precision, both on offense and defense. They almost never gamble, simply because they have not, for the last two years, found it necessary. The risks the Packers take are coldly calculated; this is a percentage club.

The team has, of course, much of the personality of Lombardi, who grew to football maturity under the discipline of Earl Blaik at Army. Lombardi assembled this machine carefully, selecting the best available parts, then tuning and tuning until it now runs as smoothly and powerfully as a jet engine. The Packers are not likely to have any surprises for the Giants. They won't need them.

CONTINUED

## HOW THEY STACK UP FOR

### GREEN BAY

**PASSING OFFENSE** The Packers' passing game is not just a weak adjunct designed to open things up for their thunderous running. Bart Starr leads the league in passing; he has big and very talented receivers in Boyd Dowler, Max Magee and Ron Kramer.

Blessed with an offensive line that has failed only once this season (against the Lions) to give him adequate protection, Starr has time (and takes it) to coolly locate late-opening receivers down field and he has the sharp eye to hit them. A good deal of the Packer passing is built around play-number passes, developing off what appears at first to be a run. This makes it doubly effective.

### NEW YORK

**PASSING OFFENSE** Here is the offensive key to the Giant success this season. With Y. A. Tittle well protected, receivers Del Shofner, Frank Gifford and Joe Walton have had plenty of time to work themselves free in Alie Sherman's ingenious pass patterns. The pass attack has grown better week by week as Gifford (see cover) has grown more accustomed to the subtleties of playing flanker back; now he is almost as good as Kyle Rote was at making his moves, and Gifford is a stronger runner. If the Packer or Lion defenders concentrate on Shofner too much, Gifford may be the day's star. Shofner probably would do much better against Detroit than against the Packers.

### DETROIT

**PASSING OFFENSE** The Lion air arm is not as strong as that of New York or Green Bay. Milt Plum, the refugee from Cleveland, has improved considerably under Wilson's laissez faire policy, but he is not the match, in field generalship, of either Tittle or Starr and ranks well below both of them in passing efficiency. This is his first year in full charge of a team and he improved as the season grew old. In Gail Cogdill, Plum has one of the best receivers in the league; he is matched, however, by Del Shofner. A small plus here is Earl Morrall, the Detroit No. 2 quarterback, who specializes in coming in late to salvage games. He may need to against the Giants.

**PASSING DEFENSE** This was the basis of the Packer strength last year in the 37-0 rout of the Giants. The Packer pass defenders—who may themselves gamble by coming up but also are geared to drop back and cut off an opponent's long gamble—lead the league in interceptions. They get a fierce rush from the four men in the line and exceptional close-up pass coverage from tall Middle Linebacker Ray Nitschke. The four deep men are fast, smart and eager. A small plus for this unit against the Giants is the spell Jess Whitenton holds over the ace Giant receiver, Del Shofner. Shofner, a former roomie of Jess's with the Rams, has rarely had a good day against him.

**PASSING DEFENSE** This has not been the strongest segment of the defense for the Giants. During the season opposing teams have gained nearly twice as many yards against them through the air as on the ground. Both the Packers and the Lions are well equipped to take advantage of any lapses by the Giant misraircraft group. The Packers, with a superb quarterback in Starr and very big receivers, seem better equipped, since the Giant secondary backs are not big men themselves and may have difficulty coping with the tall Green Bay ends. Should the Giant defenders overload against the Green Bay running, they may suffer to an even greater extent from Starr's passing.

**PASSING DEFENSE** The vigorous rush of the four big men gives Detroit a pass defense about the equal of New York's, second only to Green Bay. Joe Schmidt, the defensive signal caller, juggles the more-than-usually complex Detroit defenses well and he gets good pass coverage from two quick corner line-backers, Carl Brettschneider and Wayne Walker. The four Ls in the secondary—Lane, LeBeau, Lowe and Lary—all have good speed and, with a total of 35 years' experience among them, they are seldom fooled. They do not often gamble for interceptions, but they do not get beaten for touchdowns either. The wide variety of blitzes called by Schmidt helps out, too.

**RUSHING OFFENSE** The Packer running attack is not fancy; it doesn't have to be. It is built solidly on the blocking of the most thoroughly machined offensive line in the league and the running of the best tandem of backs: Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung. The Packer offensive linemen are not overpoweringly big, but they go through their blocks with drill precision. They moved the good Giant line almost at will a year ago; it may not be so easy this year in New York, but they should be able to open some of those holes wide enough to spring Taylor and Hornung for some big gains. And Hornung, when healthy, is the best blocking back in football.

**RUSHING OFFENSE** Although the Giants have, upon occasion, pounded methodically at an opposing defense with a tough ground game to protect a lead, this is not the general style of their attack. Their big ballcarriers—Phil King, Alex Webster—have strength but seldom seem to break away for those game-turning long runs. These two runners will undoubtedly move for short yardage against the Green Bay defense, which will certainly be pass conscious, but unless Shorman and his schemers come up with a play like the end around which Gifford ran recently to surprise the Dallas Cowboys, the Giant ground game will only supplement and set up the air attack.

**RUSHING OFFENSE** Along the ground, the Lions are capable of moving steadily but seldom in long bursts. Very sound blocking by the offensive line clears routes for the running backs, but none of them has yet shown unusual ability to turn the short runs into game breakers. Nick Pietrosante is an extremely good blocker and a bulldozing runner; Tom Watkins and Dan Lewis, the halfbacks, have slashing strength. Watkins, another Cleveland tradee, has run very well and may be the big gainer the Lions need. Ken Webb, the fullback who replaces Pietrosante, runs with almost as much power, but does not block quite as well. Few fullbacks in the league do.

# THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

**RUSHING DEFENSE** The Green Bay defense is built on a combination of guile, speed and size—and is as formidable as any in the league. The meticulous defensive patterns are called from the sideline by Defensive Coach Phil Bengtson. Bill Forester, Ray Nitschke and Dan Currie, the linebackers, seal any holes with hard, sure tackling; they are as good and probably better than the Giants, principally because they have played together so long. The Giants have a fine rookie linebacker, but he is a rookie. The veteran Green Bay defensive unit is hard to surprise; every club they've played has come up with new gimmicks against them, with little success.

**RUSHING DEFENSE** Here, the Giant strength runs headlong into the power of the Packers. If the Giant defenders could set up to contain the Packer running offense, they might do well enough, but the Packers can move as well in the air as on the ground and their habit of throwing from what looks like a running play complicates matters even more. The Lions, on the other hand, are not nearly as explosive on the ground. Nick Pietrosante, Ken Webb, Dan Lewis and Tom Watkins are good runners, but not of the caliber of Taylor and Hornung. The Giants may contain the four Lions; they may too, contain Taylor and Hornung, but at serious cost in pass defense.

**RUSHING DEFENSE** The Lions have the best defense against a ground attack in football. Their four linemen—Darris McCord, Alex Karras, Roger Brown and Sam Williams—add up to more than half a ton of mobile muscle. Linebacker Joe Schmidt is one of the NFL's surest tacklers and fiercely fills whatever cracks are opened in the middle of the line. It is hard to sweep outside this formidable middle. Brettschneider and Walker both tackle well, contain well and the two corner backs, Lane and LeBeau, are difficult to bypass. The Lions have allowed opponents a little less than 75 yards per game rushing and only about four first downs per game on the ground.

**SUMMARY** Should, as seems likely, the Packers meet the Giants again for the championship, they probably will win again—not by as big a score as the 37-0 wallop they handed New York in Green Bay, but comfortably.

There are several reasons for this. First, the Giant team depends almost entirely on the forward pass for its big gains and for its key first downs, with Tittle throwing most of the time to Shofer, Gifford or Walton. This definite strength of the Giants is more than matched by Green Bay's strength in pass defense. If Whitten, as he did last year, can again handle Shofer man to man, Defensive Coach Phil Bengtson's problem will be simpli-

**SUMMARY** Whether the Giants play the Packers or the Lions, they do not seem strong enough to win the championship. Although this is a more versatile and more explosive Giant team than last year's, it still cannot match Green Bay's consistent ground attack, and the Giant defense, overall, is not quite as good as the Lions'. The Giants have a better passing attack than either Detroit or Green Bay, but this is negated, in large measure, by the fine pass defenses that they must face, either of which is better than their own.

The Giant defense against the run is slightly better than Green Bay's, not quite as good as Detroit's. The quality

of New York's running game is far below that of Green Bay's, probably about the same or not quite as good as that of the Lions.

Allie Sherman's team does carry the small advantage of playing at home, but it is too slight to make up the difference in this case. The Giants undoubtedly will score against either of these teams; if they follow their bent, they'll score spectacularly once or twice.

But the Packers will score more, either on the ground or in the air. And the Detroit defense will blanket most of the Giant passing offense with ferocious, gambling rushes and the same tremendous line will stop the running attack.

again. Their veteran pass defense and fast, fearsome pass rush should suffice to contain New York's most effective striking power.

Although the Detroit pass attack is not as good as New York's, Plum and Morrall will be throwing into a sieve-like defense that has allowed some 200 yards per game through the air. Thus, the passing attacks should just about cancel out and the Detroit ground game appears to have a better chance of success than does the New York running attack. A Giant-Lion championship game could be a close, low-scoring affair, but the Lions should win it as they have so many this season—on superior defense.

**SUMMARY** The Detroit margin over the Giants is small but definite. Their strong running offense is similar to that of the Giants, and roughly its equal, but they should gain with greater ease on the ground, since they are not, like the Giants, facing the most immovable rushing defense in the league. The Lions lost a close one to New York in New York during the season, falling with a loud thud to one of the funny plays that mark this Giant team. "I knew Y. A. liked to bootleg," Schmidt said the other day. "I kept warning the guys to look for the bootleg. Then he ran one and scored on us." If this recurs it seems unlikely that the Lions will lapse so woefully

# THE TOP SPRINGER AT THE



# SPRING

More than 40 dogs competed for the championship at Weldon Spring, Missouri, but Kansan proved he was the best one of all

by VIRGINIA KRAFT



KANSAN HUNTS COURSE (LEFT) BEFORE FLUSHING BIRD FOR GUN (ABOVE)

The frisky dog bounding through the brush at left with ears flapping and tail flying is not just out for a romp. A superbly trained animal named Kansan, he is in the process of proving that he is the number one English springer spaniel in the nation. This is not an honor lightly won, as 41 top dogs discovered last week at the 16th English Springer Spaniel National Championships. The August A. Busch Memorial Wildlife Area at Weldon Spring, Mo., where the three-day trial was run in 70° temperatures, was heavily overgrown and dust-dry, making hunting tough and birds hard to scent. But to the fast-driving, black and white four-year-old owned by R. E. French, this mattered little. Kansan covered the difficult trial course like an eager vacuum cleaner, first flushing his birds for the hunter's gun, then retrieving them in record time.

*continued*





KANSAN RETRIEVES BIRD (LEFT); LATER POSES WITH TROPHIES

#### TOP SPRINGER continued

A springer spaniel's job is a complex one. Once he has flushed a bird, he is expected to wait motionless while it is shot. Then he is expected to mark its fall and retrieve it upon command. For a spaniel good enough to compete in championships, all this is second nature. But circumstances at the National, and at any major trial, are somewhat different from an autumn afternoon's hunt. A candidate for the top championship finds himself followed not only by his handler but by one or more official trial guns (who assure uniform shooting to all entrants), by the judges and by a gallery of enthusiastic but distracting spectators, talking, laughing, smoking, clicking their cameras and frequently pushing too close into the cover being hunted. Should a bird flush back across an end of the gallery instead of ahead of it, the dog may even be forced to run through the spectators to make his retrieve. Between the mingled scents of Old Spice, Old Brur and Old Forester, it is hardly surprising that an occasional spaniel goes astray. This was never the case with KANSAN. In five tests on land and two in water, he consistently found the shortest distance between a downed bird and his handler, P. L. Seales. At the trial's end, there was little question in the minds of either judges or spectators that he was 1962's top springer. **END**





The preppies, the wonks and clubbies have their own curious ways of celebrating the weekend when they play The Game with those nasty—and, naturally, inferior—boys from New Haven by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## THE HARVARDS AND THE YALES

One of the strangest tribal rites in American society is the Harvard-Yale weekend. The most traditional of rivals, these two colleges have been playing one another in football since 1875, and in the old days their game was often of importance in settling the national championship. It was a game that brought out the ferocity in everyone. According to dark legend, a turn-of-the-century Harvard coach deeply inspired his players without saying a word. As they watched in mounting fascination, he slowly and silently choked a bulldog to death, then tossed the carcass at their feet. Perhaps the most rabid Harvard cheerleader of all time was John Reed, '10, the Bolshevik sympathizer buried within the wall of the Kremlin. Nothing aroused Reed like the Yale game, and he wrote a song proposing to "twist the bulldog's tail" and "call up the hearse for dear old Yale" (Later Reed taught striking Paterson, N.J. silk workers Harvard songs with proletarian lyrics.)

Nowadays, the Harvard-Yale game is no longer of importance as far as college football standings are concerned, and much of the ferocity has departed. Nonetheless, the game remains the focal point for all sorts of curious folk practices. For instance, whenever it is played at Harvard, as it was November 24 last, representatives of the New Haven tailoring establishments—J. Press, Fenn-Fennstein, Chapp, Arthur Rosenberg, et al.—entrain for Cambridge to render biennial obeisance and to see what the young gentlemen are wearing. The tailors themselves wear velvet Alpine hats, double-breasted, tweed topcoats and blue Oxford shirts to offset their sallow complex-

ions. By custom they do not speak to one another, and, upon arrival, each goes his separate way. Following tradition, Paul Press descends into the basement of J. Press, where he stands his Cambridge branch employees to a buffet luncheon of cream soda and hot pastrami imported from New Haven.

Harvard College has 4,700 students, each of whom is, as anyone of them will tell you, an individualist. "What we're after is not the well-rounded boy but the lopsided boy who will make up a well-rounded class," says F. Skiddy von Stade Jr., the freshman dean. As a result, says von Stade, "You don't get the whole college doing any one thing and that simply is extended to athletics, football included."

The freshmen live in the Yard, the upperclassmen in nine glorified dormitories called houses. (At Yale the houses are called colleges.) Each house, like Harvard itself, is stereotyped. Eliot House, for example, is "preppie," with an admixture of "jocks." Preppie and jock are two of the sociological pigeonholes into which Harvard students are forever thrusting one another. Preppies are prep-school graduates. If they are social enough, they may go on to become "clubbies," members of the handful of "final" clubs of which Porcellum is the most exclusive. Jocks are athletes. There are beatniks who hang out in Hayes Buckford Cafeteria on Harvard Square. There are "wonks." A wonk, sometimes called a "turkey" or a "lunch," roughly corresponds to the "meatball" of a decade ago. Like the jock, the clubbie and the beatnik, the wonk is free to go his own way. Harvard fosters a live-and-let-live philosophy. Mike Foley, a jock who plays end on the football team, says of the wonks: "You have to respect

them. One of them might come up with an invention in 20 years that will save the world." Similarly, the wonks, when they stop to think about it, do not look upon the jocks as animals. There are animals in the Big Ten and at Dartmouth but not at Harvard.

Serious preparation for The Game begins a week beforehand at Harvard. (The Yale game is simply called The Game. Other games are called the Princeton game, the Cornell game, the Brown game and so on, but Yale is always The Game.)

At 2 on Sunday afternoon, November 17, six days before The Game—Harvard Coach John Yovicsan put the phone down in his office. It was his third call of the day, all from the same Boston paper. "I get three calls a day from them, from three different reporters, and each one of them wants something new," he said. "In fact, all the papers want something new every time."

"At Harvard," he continued, "we play two schedules. We've finished our first one now, and our second one starts this week." Both Harvard and Yale attach such importance to The Game that they scout one another all season. "When I first came here I didn't believe how important the Yale game could be," Yovicsan said. "Of course, there are so many areas of interest here that groups can become so wrapped up in their own interests that they are not concerned with the team. But generally we have fine support. Harvard is different, but it's nice."

Outside Yovicsan's office Buzz Gagnon, the varsity manager, said that in order to get the players up for a game he "must appeal to their intelligence." It was not unusual, he said, for a player to ask him to remove a pep sign from the locker room on the grounds it was child-

*At the Loxpoon, The Game means eloquent and scenic by traditional 23-2 score.*

*continued*

ish. Gagnebin was trying to decide what movie to show the players on Friday night. "We try not to get anything with lovey-dovey parts," he said. "We like to have one with lots of action."

At 5 Sunday afternoon Bill Grana, fullback, and Charlie Kessler, guard, were watching the Boston Patriot game on TV in Grana's room in Winthrop House. Grana, a junior from St. Louis, is majoring in biochemistry, and he is a group-three student (a B average). "I want the grades, sure," he said, "but during the fall I think an awful lot about football. I'm glad I'm playing here. I really enjoy it. I have friends in the Big Eight and the Big Ten who love football, but they quit. They just couldn't stand it."

"Football sure doesn't unite the campus here," said Kessler. "There are guys in the stacks at Widener Library who never come out, and the crowd that hangs around Hayes Bick is like a thing that came right out of the wall."

Monday morning. There was a report President Kennedy would attend The Game. There was a rumor Sinatra was bringing the Clan. (On Friday the White House announced the President would attend. Nothing was said about Sinatra.) Leavitt & Perce, tobacconists, displayed memorabilia of The Game in their left window. (The right window is traditionally reserved for crew notices.)

Gagnebin posted a picture of a Yale player in each Harvard locker with the caption, "Will the Sunday papers mention him—or you? It's up to you!"

Monday afternoon at 4:30 Ray Colucci of Ray's Barber Shop on Holyoke Street was caressing about Harvard students. "That's about the only thing they still care for," he said of The Game. "For other games, they don't go. It's like a record I don't want to hear anymore. I say, 'You going to the game Sat'day?' And they ask, 'Who's playing?' It all started to change with the war. They're pigs. Dirty necks, dirty clothes. The artistic touch is all gone. They say, 'Give me a medium haircut.' The hair is so long, how do you know what's medium? Now you go back to the '30s, a shave every day, a haircut every two weeks."

"I learned how to play the horses from a Harvard student. Could you imagine that now? My God, they used to want me to make book in here. Those kids knew how to live."

Two doors up, business was brisk at

The Andover Shop. Charlie Davidson, the proprietor, said The Game was important even though Harvard students wouldn't openly admit it. "They'll order a jacket a couple of weeks beforehand and then say, 'Oh, I'd like to have that a week from Friday,'—and that's the start of the Yale weekend. It's very subtle. When we had the shop on Mount Auburn Street the band used to march by, playing hard enough to knock the windows in. But instead of turning around, the guy would say, 'I'd like a tie with a little more blue in it.'"

According to Davidson, Harvard plays down enthusiasm for football as smacking of the Big Ten. "Big Ten" is Harvard's way of saying corny. At Harvard, Davidson concluded, "It's all right to hold a rally for SANE or H. Stuart Hughes, but not for football."

Thursday. Inconclusive lunch with six Radcliffe girls about The Game. "Freshmen [from Radcliffe] just die to go to every game," said one. "They'll even take blind dates. On the other hand, sophs and juniors are more blasé about it and don't care at all. Seniors seem to regain their interest—I mean, it's the last year—and then maybe they're also getting a little concerned about marriage."

Perhaps Radcliffe's mixed attitude toward The Game was best summed up by Faye Levine while crossing Anderson Bridge after the Brown game: "I'll go to The Game and I'll look forward to it, in a kind of unverbaltized way."

Wednesday morning. The Gargoyle Undergraduate Tiddlywinks Society posted a notice in Phillips Brooks House: "It's so colossal only the mighty parlor of P.B.H. could hold it! So stupid that Sports Illustrated is covering it—Saturday only, Yale vs. the undefeated G.U.T.S. 10 a.m. Free."

Lunch in Boston with a former crew captain and two other Harvard alumni, one class of '45, the other '51. Crew and '51 were both Porcellan. Crew: "The Game is not as important as tradition makes it out to be. It used to be much more important. Myself, I don't give a hang about The Game, but it's a marvelous opportunity to meet old friends." Class of '51 thought younger alumni might prefer to beat Dartmouth. Crew: "Culture is limited at Dartmouth."

The class of '51 expressed annoyance at the time Yale let its manager score against Harvard, "I'd like to see us get ahead about 40 points, go down to the two-yard line, then fall back into punt

formation and boot the damn thing out of the stadium. That would show them." Crew: "Oh no, now, I don't see why we should get down to their level."

Crew, reminiscing: "In my time, the clubmen used to go to the games—all the games—in a bunch. We'd have a big dinner at the club and then bundle off to the stadium with a few bottles. Oh, it was marvelous. Oh my, yes, there were girls about, but they didn't get in your way. Oh, you would know a girl from some subscription dance, but all this business about steady girls was definitely not the thing. It was more date-the-waitress sort of stuff."

Wednesday evening. When the players came in from practice Harvard songs were played in the locker room. "Oh jeez," said Guard Ernie Zissas, "they got the music going."

Thursday. Thanksgiving. The varsity concentrated on pass defense. Alumni started to arrive. Arguments over hotel reservations.

Friday morning, 10 o'clock. An alumna from Rye, N.Y. brought his teenage son into Keizer's old-clothes store on Massachusetts Avenue for a second-hand sports coat. The raccoon coats, which started to sell just before the Dartmouth game, were all gone. A Radcliffe freshman bought the last one for \$5.

Starting at 2 in the afternoon, Harvard played Yale 17 times in football, touch football and soccer. The largest crowds, about 3,500 each, were at the soccer game, which Harvard won, 3-1, to tie for the Ivy League championship, and the freshman football game, which Harvard also won, 13-12. On the other fields flanking the stadium, Soldiers Field, Harvard houses met Yale colleges in football. The principal game was between Eliot House and Saybrook College, the two champions of their intramural leagues. About 120 persons watched the game, among them John Finley, the Master of Eliot, who kept shouting exhortations from the sidelines. (The week before, when Eliot won the house championship by beating Leverett 22-8, Finley, professor in the classics department, greeted the team, "Well done, my golden warriors, my Greek gods!") Eliot won 21-0, thanks mainly to the efforts of Quarterback Pete Wood, the son of Harvard All-America Barry Wood. "I'm just a high school football player," said Wood after the game, "and, besides, this is so much fun."

At 6 Edward Lawrence, president of Porcellan, gave a party for 40 in Eliot

*continued*

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House. Most of the guests, who brought dates, were clubbies. Some soccer players were present, and so were several Yalies. The room was dimly lit. A student waiter, attired in a white jacket, served drinks. "Sometimes you have to watch these guys," a clubbie said. "They think they get pay and anything they can drink, too." "Gee, I like this party," a girl said in her date. "Nobody's talking about football." The conversation was social chatter about people the guests knew. Occasionally the clubbies would drift together in the middle of the room. "There they all are, by themselves again," said a girl. A Yale, who had attended prep school with a number of the clubbies, said: "Freshman year I saw them all at Christmas, and at first I didn't even recognize them, I couldn't even talk to them they had become so Harvard. And they get worse every year. Some of them are just unbearable now."

At 7:30 p.m. the Harvard band gathered in front of University Hall in the Yard for a football rally. "There is more warmth for the band than for the football team," said Joe Russen, sports editor of *The Crimson*. "People actually go to see the band. In a way, the band symbolizes Harvard. The Harvard band doesn't march in a straight line but in just sort of a mass formation. People booed when the leader instructed the band to march in a straight line for one game. But the Harvard band does show an excellence in one thing that really should count, an excellence in music. Just as Harvard demands excellence in thought." The peculiar thing is, though, an editor of the *Lampoon*, Harvard's humor magazine, seriously remarked, "The band is in, but its members are out." Peter Farrow, the student conductor, said, "Generally, we're public school—Jewish."

The rally was the first at Harvard in several years, and many students were surprised it was held. A couple of football players, who were flabbergasted, suspected that the athletic association had staged it to impress visiting sports-writers with Harvard spirit. About 100 persons followed the band as it marched out of the Yard playing *Ten Thousand Men of Harvard*, and about 400 trailed behind when it marched back in 10 minutes later.

The bandmen mounted the steps of Widener Library where red flares were lit. Gagnebin adjusted a microphone and

introduced Captain Dick Dehl. The crowd was skeptical. Dehl was interrupted with cheers whenever he tried to speak. Gagnebin introduced the rest of the players. The band joined in the cheers for Zissis. Yonesin said he had once been warned about Harvard indifference. Huge cheer for Harvard indifference. The entire rally took only 15 minutes. "We cut it short because we didn't want a riot," Gagnebin said.

The players filed aboard a Gray Line sightseeing bus to go to a motel in Framingham for the night. There they would see a movie, *Sea Chase*, which Gagnebin had selected over *Lawlor* and *Go for Broke*. "Good action film," he said. An undergraduate stopped by the bus, then said, shyly, to a player friend inside, "Get Yale!" "You bet," said the player, shrinking into his seat.

Meanwhile, the crowd from the Yard had surged into Harvard Square, stopping outside Hayes Bick. "We want a riot!" someone yelled. There was no riot. Overheard conversation, "You going tomorrow?" "No, I sold my tickets. I got a good price." Cheers when a Negro beatnik with a beret, sunglasses and a goatee climbed up a ladder and waved to the crowd. More cheers when a patrol wagon arrived to take him away. "Who's he?" a reporter asked. "The guy who usually wears a sling," said a bystander. "We want tear gas!" someone cried. There was no tear gas and the police slowly dispersed the crowd.

At *Sanders Theatre* the Harvard and Yale glee clubs gave a joint concert. *The Crimson* critic didn't like it: "Certainly a football concert ought not to strive for the heights and depths, but it needn't be spiced thin with kitsch [in word for showy rubbish], either." At the Signet Society two Harvard undergraduates read poetry and fiction while a Yale undergraduate read poetry. Harvard won, 2-1.

At 10:30 the Krokodiles, the Hasty Pudding Club's version of the Whiffenpoofs, threw a party for the Whiffenpoofs in Eliot House. The Kroks and Whiffs, who wore white ties and tails, sang gay college songs. No one talked about The Game. "My roommate has never been to a game," said Al Burns, director of the Kroks, "but he likes the idea of Harvard beating Yale."

*Saturday morning.* Rainy and cold. At 10 a Santa Claus, carrying a case of beer, lurching down Mount Auburn and entered the side door of the *Lampoon*

*continued*



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### THE HARVARDS *continued*

building. Inside he joined half a dozen more Santas, all candidates for the magazine. Standing about shouting imprecations at the Santas were editors wearing elf hats.

"Who's going to win The Game?" Jack Winter, a past president of the *Lampoon*, asked a visitor. "Harvard's favored by 12," said the visitor, "but a wet field helps the underdog." "I'm talking about *The Game*," said Winter, coldly. By *The Game*, he meant the *Lampoon* against *The Yale Record* in croquet. "Loosen," said Winter, "one year we played *The Game* in the stadium and everybody left afterward. No one stayed to see football." As proof, he displayed an old *Lampoon* with a photograph showing a player punting before empty seats. "See," he snarled.

An editor named Woody Wickham made sure the Santa Clauses had mallets and beer. One Santa earned a parolol to keep the rain off an editor wearing a velvet jester's suit. When Wickham had finished checking he and the other editors showed the Santas out the side door. "Let's go, you big *Lampoon* team!" they shouted.

The *Yale Record* team, a shabby-looking crew, was waiting in a nearby lot. A *Record* editor hawked programs of *The Game* to gawking onlookers. (The program was all about croquet; a small note announced: "Festivities will be followed by a football match between Yale and Harvard universities.") Just before *The Game* began the *Record* team started chanting, "Cheat! Cheat! Cheat!" Yale was behind before starting, the *Lampoon* always wins all games "by the traditional score of 23-2" (except in cross-country when the *Lampoon* wins "by the traditional score of 2-23").

At 1:20 p.m. the rain had stopped, but the temperature dropped close to freezing and a chilling wind swept over the capacity crowd of 39,000 in Soldiers Field. Down in the Harvard locker room, Yovician finished going over strategy. Then, very briefly, he said that everybody in the stands would give almost anything to play "All right, seniors," he said. "Take over. It's yours." He and the assistant coaches left, leaving the players alone. "I think this is really cool," said Zissus later.

On the field the Harvard band performed "the first Conservative pregame show" in honor of William F. Buckley. Yale '50, by marching backwards. There

*continued*

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was an enormous cheer when the public-address announcer reported that President Kennedy had to cancel plans to attend The Game. Everyone sang the national anthem.

The students in Section 33 were noisier than the alumni in Section 29. One out of four girls wore Harvard scarves. Occasionally, there would be a cry of, "Restrain them, Harvard! Impede their forward progress!" Harvard took a 7-0 lead in the second quarter but, right after the touchdown, the wife of an alumnus in Section 29 announced she was bored. A biplane flew overhead trailing a banner: BUY LEAVITT & PERCE CAKE TO-BACCO MIX.

At half time the Harvard band saluted the Trojan War. The members formed a bow and arrow while they played *Ancs, the Fowling Cleonser*, and ended up in the shape of a Trojan horse. Then they played *I've Got You Under My Skin*.

"I wish they'd stop playing those sophisticated show tunes," an alumnus in Section 29 complained. The band swung into *Ten Thousand Men of Harvard*. "Now that," said the alumnus, "is more like it."

The Yale cheerleaders tried to rough up a student dressed as John Harvard. He escaped, waving his Pilgrim hat in triumph as he danced back across the field. "The Dartmouth boys were very rude," said an alumnus. "Yes," said a woman, "why when I went to the ladies' room . . ." A cheer for Harvard's victory in tiddlywinks blotted out her remarks. "God Save the Queen?" the alumnus asked. "I guess they think they're all wild Inds. . . ." Cheer for the *Lampoon* win in croquet "by the traditional score of 23-2."

In the third quarter the Yale side of the field cheered when Halfback Jack Cirtz returned a punt 59 yards for a touchdown. The Harvard side cheered when Yale messed up the conversion. Gloom in Section 8 high above the Yale students where three South Boston Italians had Harvard by 11 points. "We've lost," said a man named Louis.

A Harvard bandsman held up cards for the members to see. They read: MUR-MUR, ANGRY, BLOOD. On one, VERITAS had been crossed out and TRUTH written underneath. When Zassis came out a bandsman led a special Zassis cheer.

"Give me a Z," he began, spelling out Zassis. "What's it spell?" he asked. "Zis-

*continued*





## Suddenly a postage meter makes a lot of sense for my office!

"Felt as if I'd mailed a million Christmas cards," grumbles Mr. Jones. (He knows darn well that his mailing list is only 124 names!) But getting out the annual season's greetings makes him realize that sticking stamps and sealing envelopes can be a monotonous, highly unhygienic job. And why both the girls in his office want a postage meter!

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said: "What's it spell backwards?" "Ziviss!" "What's it spell sideways?" "Ziviss!"

Harvard scored with six minutes left to take a 14-6 lead. With two minutes to go, Harvard students began waving handkerchiefs. As the teams lined up for the last play, the gun went off. Rick Beizer, a Harvard linebacker and rock-'n'-roll fanatic, spoke first after the historic 1962 game "Who," he called over to the Yale quarterback, Brian Rapp, "did *Oh what a Night*?" "The Dells," Rapp shot back. "Hey, I found out who did *Shirley Jones*—The Channels."

The Harvard locker room was joyful but not ecstatic. Yovessin was almost in tears, sort of choked up, accepting greetings from well-wishers, reporters and old players mostly.

Alumni jammed into tents and field houses surrounding the stadium. There were at least 2,000 in Briggs Cage. No one was heard talking about The Game. Conversations ran from, "Jack, you've put on weight," to "That picture looks best in the library, George."

Porcellian threw a party to which ladies were admitted, then held a dinner from which ladies were excluded. The houses gave dances. The *Lampoon* had a blast. No one talked about The Game. Instead Jack Winter sang a rock-'n'-roll song about baseball players. The lyrics went: "Wayne Belardi... Tommy Umphlett... Don Boliveg."

"Don't go to Pi Eta," Winter warned. "You'll find jocks sloshing over their dates in the corner."

The noisiest party was at the Pi Eta Club. Joe Cronan, president of the American League, was there. His son Corky is a member. The Cleary brothers, ex-Harvard hockey players and stars of the 1960 U.S. Olympic team, were there. There was talk. Teddy Kennedy would show up. Teddy and the late Joe Kennedy Jr. were members. "Teddy was here last year from Princeton," said Jim Schneider, the president. Pi Eta has 90 members, 22 of them football players. "This has always been a jock house," Schneider said. No one was talking about The Game. John Davidson, '53 and a former Pi Eta president, said, "Harvard's whole interest in athletics is a very subtle thing, but it's not as sneered at as most people like to think. It's a little game they play." "Hah-vud," said Frederick Flather III, '54, "is an intellectual institution. It's the pride in something you don't have to

boast about. It's a great institution. We're Hah-vud, and Hah-vud is still No. 1 in this country." A famous ex-Harvard athlete spoke up. "Don't use my name, but the spirit could be better." "But then," said Fred Flather, "it wouldn't be Hah-vud."

*Snowy morning.* Cambridge was still. At noon alumni began leaving town. In the late afternoon Eric Ziviss, Rick Beizer and Mike Foley relaxed in their suite in one of the new towers in Leverett House. Ziviss, a junior, had played his last game of football for Harvard. A transfer from West Point, he had lost a year of eligibility. Football was really important at the Point. "Here," said Ziviss, "there are so many things to do, there's no need to get fired up about football. It's a good thing. I like it that way."

"The whole thing is to put football in the right perspective," said Foley. "And we come as close here as anybody."

Beizer said that he and Ziviss had started a Gentlemen's Corner in the Varsity Club. "Anybody could sit in," he said, "but there was no jock talk." Early in the season, he and Ziviss had passed the word to four sophomores to cut out the jock talk. "It was football, football, all the time," Beizer said. "Now these guys are bright. This was in the beginning of the season and it's funny to see how their attitude changed. Ernie and I got them alone and tried to wase them up. We told them to leave football in the locker room, to talk a little Plato and Aristotle."

"I'd hate to walk around the Square and have people point me out and say 'Hey, he plays football,'" Ziviss said. "I really would."

"Actually," said Foley, "we're an arrogant team, but with a sort of quiet determinism."

"I'm awfully proud of this place," Ziviss said. "I know what it means to me. Well, we all know what it means to us."

"There's this new philosophy called borghese," Beizer said. "I heard it from my brother who's at Yale Law School. It's concerned with only the important things in life and none of the trivia. Everybody's interested in it. The coaches were all *crazy* about it. It's very subjective. I tell Jimmy Lentz [the defensive line coach], 'Jimmy, you're borghese.' He is Henry Lamar [the freshman coach], he's borghese. And football, it's borghese when we're playing. In July it's still borghese for Jimmy Lentz, but not for me. And the Yale game, sure, it's borghese. The Yale game *is* borghese."

END

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# NO GLORY AT THE GROANYARD

The dream is the same as at Harvard Stadium—the soft, green turf, the large crowd cheering every move, the music, the uniforms bright and clean. But for Crash, Cuddles, Zonk, Razz, Nippy and the rest of the Charlestown Townsies of the semipro



Boston Park League, football is played for the game and not—as is clearly evident on these pages—for the glory. The Townsies practice on a pock-marked stretch of ground called The Oily, and take their pay home in a change purse. This year, to win a fourth straight Senior Park League title, they had to repulse a raid by a rival team that tried to woo star Halfback Nippy Nolan (above) with an offer of \$50 a game and a new pair of dentures

*Half-time postmortem is conducted under the glare of a 60-watt bulb by Coach Jack Luzzelli (standing) and Billy Goggin in the morgue-like atmosphere of a field house boiler room*

CONTINUED

Photographs by Steve Fickes





## GROANYARD Continued

*Charlestown's tackling makes up in ferocity what it lacks in finesse, as the slightly mashed and grimacing ballcarrier (above) can testify. The equipment shortage (28 helmets, 38 players) is relieved by a quick handoff (right) as the defensive and offensive platoons switch position. And perhaps even star Lineman Cuddles Considine (far right) is dreaming of a clean jersey as he kneels, tattered but still full of fight, on Charlestown's sidelines*

CONTINUED





## GRIDANYARD Continued

Looking more than a bit like members of "Our Gang" grown to rugged manhood, Razz Murray, Tom Beckwith, Joe Gass, Billy Coymen and Harry Festa, only slightly disheveled by Park League standards, watch tensely (below) as the Townies stage a second-half rally against South Boston Chippewas. After the game (right) Charlestown and Chippewa officials cut up the swag, such as it is, in the dressing room









BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## How to guess a sure thing

This year in Copenhagen three men well remembered by U.S. experts for their fine play in World Championship team matches helped Sweden win the Scandinavian Championship, topping Denmark, Norway, Finland and Iceland. I played against two of the three, Nils-Olof Lilliehook and Jan Wohlin, in the very first world title event when we won in 1950. In 1953 these two played against the U.S. again on a team that also included their third ace, Gunnar Arnuph.

Each of the five countries entered two teams in the Scandinavian Championship, and the cumulative results of both counted in the final decision. There was also a ladies event, won by the Danes despite the fact that two of their best women players, Otti Daum and Rigmor Fraenckel, represented their country only in the Open Class event.

It was in Copenhagen that the following hand occurred, one that makes a neat and succinct point.

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds

South was just too strong for an opening bid of one no trump—top limit 18 points—and not strong enough to open two no trump—requiring at least 22. Either one diamond or his actual choice of one club, followed by the jump to two no trump, exactly pictured his 19-point balanced hand.

A capacity audience was watching the Bridge-O-Rama as this hand was played by Finland (North-South) and Denmark, and every one of them knew that declarer would not go wrong when the crucial decision came. If you'd like to share South's problem, look only at the North-South hands.

Dummy's 7 and East's 8 of diamonds were played on the first trick, taken by South's queen. Declarer cashed three top hearts, on which everybody followed, and attempted to run four clubs, but West showed out on the third round, discarding the spade 4.

Needing two spade tricks, but fearful that if he lost the lead in any other suit but diamonds the defenders could win enough diamonds to set the contract, South led dummy's diamond 9, hoping to throw West in. He was disappointed when East produced the 10 of diamonds. But, after a moment's pause, West overtook with the jack to cash the ace, king and 3 of diamonds.

On these tricks East discarded the fourth heart, the fourth club and the spade 3, so all hands were left with nothing but spades at the 12th trick. West led the spade 6. Declarer now had to guess whether to play dummy's 10 or queen. But West could not have the king of spades! The reason: if he had held that card, he would surely have allowed his partner to have the lead with the 10 of diamonds, not only to let East cash his good heart and good club, but principally to let him lead a spade so that West could not be end played. So the play of dummy's 10 of spades was automatic; when it forced out East's king, dummy's queen of spades produced the ninth trick and the game.

Of course, it would have done any good for West to let East hold the diamond trick. Declarer would have no choice but to let a spade lead run to dummy's queen, and, since West had already thrown a spade away, South would end up making four-odd.

### EXTRA TRICK

Trust your opponents to know what they are doing and you will often find that what they do helps you to make your contract.

END



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The most revolutionary advance in athletic training methods in recent years has been the increased use of isometric exercises that build up specific muscles by exerting them against an immovable object. One of the country's foremost authorities on the application of isometric principles to athletics is Jay A. Bender, head of the laboratory of applied physiology at Southern Illinois University (Oct. 30, 1961). Here

he and Edward Shea, chairman of men's physical education at the university, present a unique combination of isometric and movement exercises designed especially to improve the condition of the muscles most used—and most likely to be strained—by golfers. It is not necessary to do all of these. Each corrects a specific weakness; the golfer can choose the ones he feels are the most important in his individual case.

### FOR THE WRISTS AND FOREARMS



Rest both arms across the corner of a table. Cock the right wrist downward as far as possible. Place the left hand over the right palm, holding it firm. Then push up with the right hand for a count of six. Relax one second. Repeat twice more. Do the same exercise for the left wrist.



Bend the right wrist upward as far as possible. With the left hand gripping the right palm, push down with the right hand. Relax one second. Repeat twice, then reverse hands. In the first exercise tension must be felt on the thumb side of forearm; in the second, on the little finger side.



Hold an iron in the right hand. Grasp the right wrist with the left hand, immobilizing the forearm. Keeping the right elbow straight, slowly raise the club high behind the back, then slowly lower it to the floor. Repeat 10 times, then use the left wrist. The tension should be felt in the forearm and wrist, as indicated by the red area. Now hold the club in the right hand, using a standard golf grip (not shown). Grasp the wrist with the left hand. Slowly raise the club forward as high as possible, then lower it. Repeat 10 times and then do the same with the left hand.

CONTINUED

## FOR THE ARMS AND THE SHOULDERS



To strengthen the mid-shoulder area, that part of the body used as a stabilizer for the arms during the swing, sit on a stool placed flush against a wall, back touching the wall, feet planted firmly on the floor. Squeeze the shoulder blades firmly together. Then, with the arms straight, press the palms hard against the wall for a count of six. Relax for one second and repeat twice more. Now move the stool six inches from the wall. Contract the shoulder blades, press palms against the wall and repeat as before.



This mid-shoulder muscle exercise is designed to prevent the soreness that sometimes develops in that area after a game. Stand with the arms outstretched at shoulder height in front of the body, palms in. With shoulder blades drawn tightly together, slowly move the arms backward, keeping them parallel to the floor. After the arms have been brought back as far as possible, slowly return them to the original position. The shoulder blades remain contracted throughout. Repeat the exercise ten times.

## FOR THE TRUNK AND THE LOWER BACK



Robert L. Mandella

The isometric exercise at left is for the large and important muscles in the lower back and side. Lie face down, arms at sides, palms up, legs placed below a heavy bench, bed or sofa. Keeping the knee straight and both hips flat on the floor, raise one leg so that the ankle pushes hard against the unyielding resistance above. Hold the pressure for six seconds. Do this exercise three times, with one-second relaxation in between. Then follow the same procedure with the other leg.

This is a movement exercise to stretch and strengthen trunk muscles. Lie face down on the floor or on a table, knees and elbows kept straight. Slowly raise the right arm and left leg as high as possible, with both hips remaining flat. Hold the position for a count of two. Repeat the exercise 30 times, then raise the opposite limbs in the same fashion. If you have been under a physician's care for a back disorder, however, do not attempt these trunk exercises without his approval.





This series of exercises will strengthen the left arm for the right-handed golfer and also make it easier to keep that arm straight during the backswing and downswing. Standing with the back tightly against a wall, raise the left arm up across the body past shoulder height, as shown in the drawing at left. The elbow is straight, the palm faces backward, the fingers are extended. The left wrist is grasped by the right hand, thumb up. The left arm is now pressed downward as hard as possible, with the left elbow remaining straight,

while the right arm furnishes firm resistance. Tension should be felt in the under part of the upper left arm and in the little finger side of the left forearm. Hold the position for six seconds. After one second of relaxation, repeat twice more. Now strong tension should be felt in the area marked in red. The left arm is then dropped about eight inches and the same procedure is followed. The arm is dropped another eight inches, then a final eight inches. After completing this series, the left arm should be swung in an easy arc to relax the muscles.



To stretch lower back muscles, lie on a floor or table with the legs straight out. Tighten the abdominal muscles, bend the knees and draw them toward the chest. When they are close to the chest they are grasped by the hands and forcibly pulled toward the head for a count of six. Release for one second, repeat twice more.



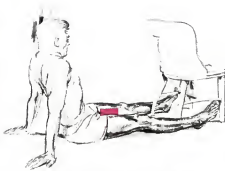
The final trunk exercise is designed to increase suppleness. Stand with the feet 12 inches apart. Put a club behind the neck with the arms dangling loosely over it. While keeping the hips stationary and the back quite straight, turn the club in a relaxed manner to the right, then to the left, a total of 10 times in each direction.

CONTINUED

## TWO ISOMETRIC THIGH EXERCISES



This helps the muscles that take the strain of the shifting body weight during a swing. Sit on a table with a rolled-up towel under left knee, right leg placed over left at the ankle, both legs slightly bent and nearly parallel to floor. Press the left leg upward, hard. Relax for one second, repeat twice and then switch leg positions. Now do a similar exercise—not illustrated—while letting legs hang over the table edge with feet crossed at the ankles.



To strengthen inner thigh muscles sit on the floor, placing the weight on the hands with each ankle pressed against the outside of a chair. Keeping the legs straight, squeeze them toward one another as firmly as possible for a count of six. Then relax one second and repeat twice. Tension is felt on the inside of the thighs. Now, for the outer thigh muscles, place the ankles between the chair legs and exert pressure outwards for the same count.

## A CONDITIONING AND LEG EXERCISE



This is a very common exercise, but still one of the best for general conditioning of the body. It should be a part of the exercise program if leg weakness or overall fatigue trouble the golfer. Since it taxes the heart and lungs, it is recommended that those over 25 have a medical checkup before trying it, a proper precaution prior to undertaking any strenuous activity. The only equipment needed is a stool about 15 inches high and a watch. Stand in front of the stool. Step up with the left foot and then follow with the right. As soon as a standing position is reached on the stool, step off backward, left



leg first, returning to the original position. The ascending and descending movements should take a total of about four seconds. The golfer in good condition can complete 15 steps per minute for a period of five minutes—each foot leading for two and a half minutes. If the lead-off foot falters before the exercise is half completed, it is all right to change the lead foot at frequent intervals. If you become tired during the exercise, stop. Progress should be recorded each day. When the goal of five minutes of 15 steps per minute is achieved, the pace can be speeded up to 20 steps a minute. **END**



## 'Like a bronc oughta be rode'

After six jolting days Ken McLean won the world saddle bronc title—and praise from the old master

He leans on a lunch counter until it becomes a fence rail. Somewhere beyond the maple containers and sugar jars there is the sweet green Okanagan Valley. One day when it is too soon for him to quit he may sure enough go home and stay, and the rodeos will not have their big, rowdy broncs ridden quite so brilliantly as Kenny McLean rides them.

There are only 10 seconds a day or night—between the time the horse makes his first jump and the time the pickup buzzer sounds—when this dark-eyed bronc rider has to drift back mentally from his small ranch in British Columbia. Last week eight of those intervals occurred during six days of riding in the sports arena beneath the smog of Los Angeles where the world cowboy championships were decided in the National Finals Rodeo.

The moment the first bucking chute was slung open, no one was more in the spotlight than Kenny McLean, who at 23 became a world champion saddle bronc rider. No one could have looked like he cared less.

A year ago McLean was Rookie of the Year on the vast rodeo circuit and fourth in saddle bronc money, with some \$14,000. For a young man whose family had a ranch of only 150 acres with just 30 head of cattle and horses, there could be little doubt about the immediate future. He would go win some more money and that would make everything better at home. The rest of the time Kenny McLean only wants to look at the fruit valley and the mountains and trees around it, to hunt the bear, deer, elk and cougar he has been hunting all his life, to fish for the trout in the lakes, and not to



WITH SUPERS BALANCE, McLEAN STAYS WITH A HORSE THAT DOESN'T WANT HIM

face the loneliness of a rodeo bronc rider. "Man don't have much to do on the circuit," he says quietly. "It's not a good life at all. What I want to do is ranch. And rodeo every now and then in Canada, maybe. If I was a roper, it would be better. I'd have a horse to feed and exercise. I try to sleep late. It helps.

"I don't think a man knows exactly what he does on a buckin' horse," added McLean. "You got to watch his head, and kind of be able to feel him, too. But a man don't have much time." He has, in fact, exactly those 10 seconds to prove his mastery of the art—and it is a very subtle art indeed. It embraces skills that only the judges in the arena can see and perhaps only the fiercest animals themselves can wholly appreciate. The cowboy must have infinite balance to survive the swerves, ducks and spins of certain broncs. He must have the rhythm to stay in complete control and, with his legs, move the rowels of his spurs smoothly and constantly from the horse's neck back through the ribs. All the while the bronc rider is hopeful that he has drawn a gallant old beast that will try to bounce him off the sky so that the judges will give the ride a higher point total.

To win at Los Angeles, McLean had to beat two other Canadian cowboys,

a smooth rider named Winston Bruce and Marty Wood, a wild man with vicious spurs. After a season the three were still so close together in prize money that any one of them could have come out of Los Angeles with the highest dollar total for the season and thus have been named champion.

During the first three days of the rodeo all three made brooding rides. Then, on the fourth night, a gray gelding appropriately named Shake 'em Down twisted and flopped thunderously onto his side, with McLean's left leg pinned beneath him. But Kenny was still in the saddle, holding with the one hand. He was uninjured and was quickly back for a ride.

The reride was good, and from that moment on Kenny McLean took charge of the rodeo. Late the next night he finally clinched the world championship. He won it watching Marty Wood trying to push a giant palomino too far. When Marty came down, Kenny McLean became the champion. The last night, as a final flourish, he made a superb ride on Big John, a huge bay that the cowboys had just voted Bucking Horse of the Year. "That boy McLean," said Casey Tibbs, six-time saddle bronc champion, now retired, "rides a buckin' horse like it oughta be rode."

END

## *A Princeton boy who beat the pros*

**Bill Bradley, the best Ivy League player in years, has already set a mark not even the NBA can match**

There are two numbers that really mean something to the Princeton man. One is his class numeral, especially every fifth year, when the reunions are biggest. The other is more universal—42. It became famous on the back of All-America Tailback Dick Kazmaier some 11 years ago, and the wearer may be a little less hallowed at Princeton than such fellow graduates as F. Scott Fitzgerald and Woodrow Wilson—but not much. Naturally, with the proper regard for tradition, 42 is no longer worn by Tiger football players. But now, according to Princeton enthusiasts and a lot of less biased observers, the orange and black 42 is likely to be retired from the basketball court, too. The prodigy who will be responsible for this is Bill Bradley, Princeton '65, a 6-foot-5½, 198-pound son of a bank president from Crystal City, Mo.

How good is Bill Bradley? "Listen," says Coach Harry Gillatin of the National Basketball Association's St. Louis Hawks, "I'd like to have him on my club right now."

"I thought I had him for Duke," says Blue Devil Coach Vic Bubas, pretending to stab himself in the chest. "Every time I hear his name I get a sharp pain right here."

In the Midwest, where they savor basketball players with all the critical attention that a gourmet gives a Chateaubriand, Bradley was considered the best high school player in the country. He promptly lived up to the rating, leading Princeton's freshmen to a 10-4 season and sinking 57 straight foul shots, a total



that broke the record of 56 set by Bill Sharman in the professional NBA.

This month Bradley began his varsity career. He led Princeton to three straight victories, raised his foul-shot record to 58 straight before finally missing and made it obvious that the Ivy League has its best player in years—maybe ever.

Not that Bill Bradley wants any such notoriety. An introvert—"It was three months before I could talk to him," says a roommate, Chuck Berling—he has approached Princeton and basketball at the same studied pace. As a high school player he scored 3,066 points, probably a national record and reason enough for more than 75 colleges to pursue him. But he was also a straight A student, president of the Missouri Association of Student Councils and a member of the National Honor Society.

When asked why he settled on Princeton, he says, "What seems to count to them is character and personality. The one thing I don't want to be is typed. I don't want to end up as just old Sam Shortz Bradley."

Still, but for a broken foot, Bradley would be at Duke, not Princeton. In fact, his decision to matriculate there instead of at Duke was made at the last possible moment. In May of 1960 Bradley had made up his mind to go to Duke. Earlier, he had also made up his mind that once he made up his mind, he wouldn't change it. During the summer, however, he broke his foot playing baseball. Out of the boredom enforced by inactivity he took to reading the myriad old college catalogs lying around the house.

Considering a foreign service career, he found himself impressed by the dossier on Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School of International Affairs. Hesitantly, an earlier interest in Princeton was revived, and he finally selected the Ivy League school. Holding nothing against Duke, Bradley still feels somewhat guilty about the switch. He is not eagerly anticipating the Duke-Princeton game on December 28. "I guess it will be good to finally get it over," he says.

Bradley lives in Little Hall, the Princeton dormitory closest to the gymnasium. This is, however, a convenience pretty much wasted on him. His mailing ad-

dress would better be 2-8J Firestone Library, a study room hidden away on the second floor, where he spends from eight to 12 hours every day. "There is a fan in there, and once I got used to its drone my concentration isn't broken by something like a pencil falling off the table," he says.

It is this same minute concern for concentration that characterizes Bradley on the basketball court. His approach to the game is more pragmatic, scientific, and even fatalistic, than athletic. He scorns pleasant explanations like "touch" and "good eye." "What is 'touch' but concentration?" he says. "A soft touch is no more than practicing the right way. All shots can be scientifically analyzed. It is really just a matter of coordinating the various movements into one smooth motion involving the eyes, the hands, the legs. With foul shots you are given time to concentrate, to pull all of the elements together." The concentration has made him basketball's best foul shot.

#### A well-heated place

He also concentrates on his health, a concern that leads him to call himself a "semihypochoondriac. I don't complain, but I worry," he says. Thus the common cold is more Bradley's enemy than a 6-foot-10 opponent. In his room he has both a portable humidifier and a heater, and he maintains a mélange of pills for use at the first sign of a sore anything.

Healthy, and on the court, there is not much that Bradley can't do. He can hook, drive, set, jump, run plays, rebound and pass. In fact, his coach, Bill van Breda Kolff, says he passes too much. Bradley's only other problem is the typical sophomore's difficulty with defense, and he is learning what is expected of him there.

At Princeton this winter a great deal is expected, for this year's team is not a strong one. Graduation took the best of last year's players, and Captain Arnie Hyland is the only other really accomplished ballplayer on the Tiger squad.

With Bradley playing his usual style, casually spectacular, the Tigers won their first three games this season. Bradley was high scorer each time, with 28, 27 and 23 points against Lafayette, Villanova and Army, respectively. In the defeat of Villanova—only the second time in 10 years that team has lost at home—



EXHORTING TEAM, happy Coach van Breda Kolff has something to yell about.

Bradley took 15 shots, made 10 of them, sank all his seven foul shots and assisted on eight of Princeton's 17 other baskets.

On Saturday night against Army he ran into something he will face for three years, a defense that played the rest of the Princeton team loosely, while watching him closely. The Cadets held Bradley to the 23 points but gave so much room to everybody else that Princeton won going away, 71-54. Bradley took 10 foul shots in the game, making nine. As he was about to shoot one, a piercing voice in the stands shouted "Miss it." It must have broken even his concentration, for miss he did. But Princeton's Sam Shortz won't miss many in the next three years. Tradition may have to make room for another No. 42.

END

## Why not blame the parents?

*Last month a Michigan housewife and mother of three presented some personal and pertinent comments on the conduct of physical fitness programs in the U.S. (SL, Nov. 12). Mrs. Richard J. Ross called for a less competitive attitude in childhood athletics, for more acceptance—and more tenderness—for the "rejects." "Remove the shadow of mediocrity from sports," Mrs. Ross claimed, "and you will have more takers. We make room for the 'average' in every other*

*field, but we cast a tolerant mediocrity in athletics." This week Sports Illustrated continues the Fitness Forum with an opposing argument, strongly in favor of competition—in sports and in every walk of life. Mrs. Don Van Rossum, wife of the University of Oregon swimming coach, a former physical education teacher herself, and also a mother of three (boys aged 6, 8, and 11), challenges the parents to "build up" the athletic programs—and their own children.*

Dear Mrs. Ross:

I think you are wrong—so very wrong. And to prevent you and others who think like you from sitting back in smug satisfaction, I would like to examine your statements one by one.

First of all, to state that our society makes room for mediocrity in every field but sports is naive. How many frustrated musicians no longer pick up their instruments? How many would-be artists look themselves up in attics to escape ridicule? How many budding chemists are made to feel like failures when they accidentally cause an explosion in the basement and are forbidden to continue experimenting?

I believe more mediocre people take part in sports than in any other activity. Take a look at the statistics on the number of participants in bowling (10 million), tennis (7.5 million) and swimming (33 million), for example. Any duffer can go out on a tennis court and bat a few balls around and nobody will pay any attention. But just let a mediocre singer start practicing in front of an open window and see what happens.

Of course we can't all be champions. But neither can we all play in the Philharmonie.

Perhaps your criticism of the Little League is justified, to a point. But think of all the children who *do* benefit by this program. Should we deprive them, too? Wouldn't it be better to think in terms of the many more children, "rejects" like your son, who could also benefit by Little League if more fathers volunteered to coach the onslaught of kids that parents push out of the homes?

No, I do not believe that only the best should be allowed to play. But some children are born blessed with better coordination and athletic ability than others. Shouldn't they be given special attention—the same as the child with more academic ability, the child with more dramatic ability or the child with more musical ability?

The real question is how much of the responsibility for developing the below-average child and the gifted child falls on the school and the community and how much falls on the home. Since we can't push *all* of the responsibility onto the schools I believe it is mainly up to the parents.

If I feel that the music program offered in the school is insufficient to my child's ability, I see that he gets private lessons. If I am not satisfied with the reading progress my child is making at school, I help him at home. And if I am dissatisfied with the sports program offered in the community and at school, I plant more trees for him to climb, I put an old mattress in the basement where he can "wrestle" and where I can teach him to tumble. And I invite the neighbors' children in to learn and have fun, too.

Your criticism of the physical education profession is "unjust to the point of stupidity"—to quote a phrase from your letter. If a few more letters like yours get national publication there will be even fewer good teachers, because you have slammed the whole profession. It is easy to blame a child's nervous illness on an "overzealous" physical education teacher who is eager only to do his job, to see that *all* children participate.

To state that a speech or chemistry teacher would be taken to task for "flogging" a child to do over and over, before the entire class, what every other child has had to do, again, shows only naivete. I can remember getting just as sick at the thought of having to give a speech in front of snickering classmates or sing a solo before a highly critical teacher. But isn't this all part of growing up? Doesn't the ability to overcome these obstacles make the better and stronger person?

The same applies to your statement that "many a girl develops a loathing for sports in the fifth and sixth grades because of an overzealous, bullying teacher." With a little more research on fifth and sixth grade girls, I think you will find the loathing comes, not from a dislike of the sport, but from a dislike of having the curl come out of their hair.

You say, "With so much emphasis on skill, we have made childhood athletics a grubby business." Why limit the emphasis on skill just to athletics? Have you ever seen the grim determination of a musician before a national music contest? Or the nervous fidgeting of a contestant before a debate? Isn't this the normal individual's reaction to the demand for skill—in sports or any other activity?

Because some few do not enjoy competing or performing, why make such a sweeping statement? For every average child who doesn't enjoy participating in skilled sports I bet I can find 10 who do.

We now have more people participating in sports than in any other activity—

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND... **BOTTLED** IN SCOTLAND

whether it be music, writing or art. Sure, we also like to watch the better players perform a sport for us. But why is it so much worse to watch 50 men play football than it is to sit and listen to 50 men play musical instruments in concert? Is it wrong to read a book instead of writing one? Or to watch a play or gaze at a painting? I imagine more people who watch football go home and participate in some form of sport than concert listeners play instruments, art gazers paint, book readers write or playgoers act. I frankly get as much esthetic enjoyment from watching a beautiful body churn through the water at a swimming meet as I do listening to a Bee-thoven symphony.

Let's get down to the real reasons why the Europeans are more physically fit than we are. After all, they have their spectator sports, too. As many as 100,000 people turn out for a soccer match. Soccer players and gymnasts are heroes. But, first, they walk or ride bicycles almost every place they go.

Second, the European family, as a whole, takes part in athletics—at town-revues or community centers.

Third, and most important, their physical educators are respected members of their society. European parents insist that physical education be an integral part of their children's education from the first grade up.

Don't blame the American athletic program if a child's background in sports is too poor to enable him to make the team. Physical education begins in the first grade where all children start off somewhere near equal, and where there is no program for the superior child. If the school program is unsatisfactory I think it is up to us, as parents, to see what we ourselves can do to improve the physical education of our children—instead of looking for scapegoats and undermining what is good in physical education and athletic programs.

Basically, I think we all desire the same thing: a more fit American youth. But let's achieve it by building up the average and the below average. Not by tearing down the superior.

Mrs. DON VAN ROSEN  
Eugene, Ore.

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# PLEASURE RULES AN IDYLIC ISLAND

On South Carolina's Hilton Head, many of the best things in life are just around the corner. It was planned that way, and will be true in other sports-oriented communities now springing up around the country

*Sipping coffee behind a picture window, two mothers in Hilton Head's Sea Pines community keep an eye on their boys and on the golfer's playing down the 14th fairway. Settings as serene and handsome as this are common in Sea Pines, where homebuilders can choose lots beside the Atlantic Ocean, along island creeks and lagoons or deep within the island's lush forests.*

CONTINUED







*The fine, hard-packed sand is the ocean's gift to Sea Pines: it acts as racetrack for children on horseback and bikes and a mile-long dance floor for fishermen seeking the bluefish, channel bass and snook that crowd the surf. Too that island, blurred in the tall grass of the island's preserves, looms its first pharos, grand and chaste, the south-slanting birds impaled from below. This area, excluded from development, also has dais and wild pinks.*

CONTINUED









*Indiana picked oysters off the shells of Hilton Head 4,000 years ago and today's residents do the same. Charles Douglas, a refugee from the anti-communist, has fresh oysters for Mrs. Lawrence Ott at a party on the Ott's rooftop porch, which overlooks the Atlantic. At night, a shower of rain, rain about settles takes her eye on the bank of a golf course beyond. Disturbing the now, he is in the left entirely alone by the people of San Francisco.*



# Nothing to Do—but Enjoy Yourself

by HUSTON HORN

**A**t 41 years of age Charles Wilson Doughtie is an exuberant, cultivated man who has a wife and five children, a protean and spacious zest for living and, for the time being anyway, no job. A year ago he had a paid-for house in New Canaan, Conn., was working for a major Madison Avenue advertising agency (as creative supervisor he was responsible for such snappers as "Bring out the best in bourbon—bring out the Bellows"), had an income of \$35,000 and, by calculations he enjoys retailing, a vested interest in the New Haven Railroad, on whose commuter trains he had sat for an elapsed time of 2½ years, or, in mileage, the equivalent of 16 times around the earth. Suddenly, siring up these facts and figures as ridiculous propositions, he chucked his job, sold the house and moved his family to a piece of South Carolina real estate named Hilton Head Island, which, in recent years, has been reclaimed from swamps and boll weevils looking for a home. The site Doughtie found and bought (for \$9,000) faces the Atlantic Ocean and lies within an area on the island called Sea Pines Plantation. For settling there, Doughtie's friends said right out loud that he had lost his mind. He replied that if he's crazy it is only to the extent that he wanted so long to make his break with civilization.

Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head Island is a housing development, although one manifestly distinct from the developments commonly seen nowadays. The island is a strikingly concely parcel of land (see map page 58) lying a few leagues off the Carolina mainland about 30 miles north of Savannah, Ga. At Sea Pines the ocean pounds against four miles of pearl-gray, slate-smooth sand, live oaks, Sabal palms and magnolias sough soulfully in the forests; a golf course makes its way lazily over lagoons and through the woods; roads, with no place to go, go placidly; and the birds make music all the day. The climate is subtropical (53.4° is the wintertime average) and, for the young, the middle-aged and the retired, the rich and not rich, who live there, there is nothing much to do but enjoy yourself—your work as well as your leisure. These people have,

accordingly, found what more and more Americans now seem to be seeking: an escape from overpopulated, over-mechanized, overregimented urban and suburban centers. They have found not only a place to live but, in the bargain, a place to play golf, fish and sail, swim, ride horseback, even pick oysters and hunt—and all just around the neighborhood corner.

Such leisure-oriented communities as Sea Pines, or recreational land developments, as they are called, are flourishing like green stamps and are being opened up on both coasts and in between. Different in particulars, they share in generalities. They are not the fashionable, financially and socially exclusive Newport and Tuxedo Parks of 60 years ago or the Sea Islands that developed in the 1920s. And they are not merely bedroom communities with a neighborhood gym, or impersonal resorts to be visited on the fly. Ideally, the new leisure communities strive to capture the best of suburb and resort, and, for those succeeding, the future looks like the kind that will send the developers themselves off to early retirement.

The safest risks, perhaps, are those communities convenient to cities—where the homeowner can pretty nearly have his cake and eat it. The more isolated developments, like Sea Pines, anticipate the day when shock waves of the population explosion will engulf them. Meanwhile, they depend on hard-sell promotion to tap the booming growth of Americans' discretionary or disposable income—that income not specifically tagged for the necessities of food, clothing and shelter. By 1970, market research predictions run, Americans will earn as much disposable income as they spent altogether eight years ago. And 80% of this throw-away money will be earned by people making \$10,000 and up—precisely the sports-prone people Sea Pines and similar developments are after. These upper-income families who once bought a second car can even now afford a second boat beside their second house.

Such people are moving into communities like these: *Martin Bay*—Consisting of almost 2,300 handsomely turned

*continued*

## Idyllic Island *continued*

out acres of shoreland and wooded hills, this community sits on a spit of land in San Pablo Bay about 30 minutes by car north of San Francisco. The salubrious life here will revolve around golf (with homesites on the fairway borders), swimming, boating, fishing, riding and country club activities. The architecture of the homes (80 are built) is controlled by the developers to assure that it is "consonant with the beauty of the land," which no PR man has to say is so. Because of the proximity of San Francisco and Oakland, it ought to be a simple matter for commuters to live here, and to afford the land that ranges from \$9,000 to \$35,000 per lot. Lou Penn, part-owner of the Milwaukee Braves, is co-developer of Marin Bay.

**Ginger Creek**—All townsfolk dream of living in the country, claim the developers of this village off in one corner of Paul Butler's mammoth, \$200 million Oak Brook development outside Chicago (SI, Oct. 22). However, only 181 country-dreaming families can be accommodated in Ginger Creek ("It was planned that way to preserve the natural tranquility," says a brochure) and so far 42 have bought lots and 20 homes are built or are abiding. Ginger Creek, a leisure community within the pulsing Oak Brook complex of play and profit, can offer residents three golf courses, a private airport, fox hunting and game shooting, water sports and, should the demand arise, 14 polo fields. Chicago's Loop, where the money is, is 20 minutes away. **New Seabury**—The developers of this community on the south shore of Cape Cod are so determined to preserve the natural good looks of their holdings that contractors are fined \$100 per caliper inch for the first tree they maim or kill and are fired outright for the second. There are 16 miles of waterfront, plus forests, cranberry bogs, salt marshes and wildlife sanctuaries in the 3,000-acre community between Falmouth and Hyannis, now in its second year of development. Sixty-five lots have been sold at New Seabury and 10 houses built. The pitch here is to 16,000 Americans "who don't want to join the herd, but who don't want to become hermits, either,"

and planned for those who qualify are two golf courses, four beach clubs, "Woodland Walkways" and an inland waterway gas-lighted for nighttime sailors. Not wishing to become all things to all men, New Seabury talks of separate villages, with characteristics and recreation facilities of their own.

**Laguna Niguel**—The idea behind this huge development—virtually a city—45 miles south of Los Angeles, was of a community that a person would never have to leave to find recreation. Laguna Niguel, when fully developed, will have

squeeze in as many as 115,000 residents, but Sea Pines, under current plans, will limit itself to 1,200 homes. Building lots face the ocean or a backside bay, the golf course fairways or, through a shield of forest, one another and range from \$2,500 to \$11,000 with an average cost of \$4,500. Total value, at today's selling prices, comes to \$7½ million. So far (Sea Pines is barely five years old), 400 lots have been sold to 300 owners from 31 states and seven countries. Seventy-four homes, from year-round houses to vacation cottages, have been built on land



Sea Pines Plantation covers the toe of shoe-shaped Hilton Head Island. Homes have been built along the Atlantic Ocean, along the golf course fairways and upon Calibogue Cay beaches.

lake boating, ocean swimming, golf, horseback riding, tennis and hiking trails. Ultimately, the company hopes, the number of people who will avail themselves of these facilities will come to 30,000. Architectural controls are applied to all housing, and costs cover a wide latitude of middle and upper incomes. Because of its size and location (a freeway whistles along one side and a six-lane road will run through the heart of the project), Laguna Niguel is not exactly a sheltered retreat, but then we're talking about southern California, a contradiction of the term.

The Sea Pines development is second to none of these. The 5,200 acres that comprise it are situated on shoe-shaped Hilton Head from the southerly toe up to the bottom laces. A city of comparable size, Trenton, N.J., say, might

that before was uninhabited and as feral as the deer still stalking it.

Charles Doughtie is not, of course, the sort you will spot behind every tree on Hilton Head Island—for the time being, anyway. It takes a bold man to uproot a seven-member family and forswear the big city's profits and pressures. But Doughtie, fairly overflowing in boldness, expects others to follow his example. "Those who stayed behind to laugh," says he, "are beginning to think I outsmarted them—which I did. When they make up their minds to move here, too, somebody's got to sell them the land, so it might as well be me." In the meantime, Doughtie and his wife Sallie have other plans. They soon will open a shop in Sea Pines where, "like Indians in blankets," they will sell books, antiques and paintings sent to them by Doughtie's adver-

*continued*

A romantic couple is depicted in a lush garden setting. The woman, wearing a yellow jacket and a red top, stands on a stone path, looking towards the man. The man, in a light blue shirt and brown trousers, is walking towards her. In the background, there is a stone building with a dark arched doorway and a window with a white frame. A large, leafy tree is on the left, and a small white flower hangs from a vine near the doorway. The overall scene is romantic and idyllic.

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## Idyllic Island Continued

using art director friends still shackled to their Madison Avenue drawing boards. Doughtie will also continue to write children's books; he has had three published already. "If once, just once, I begin to miss New York, I'll know I'm coming down with some tropical island bug," he says. "I've never had so much fun before in my life."

Others already at Sea Pines seem to share the Doughties' satisfaction. One Schenectady couple, for example, spent



*Charles Fraser developed the wilderness of Sea Pines into a million-dollar ecosystem.*

10 years scouting Florida for a retirement home, decided to build on Hilton Head the first time they saw it. Another man, not about to retire (he's 27), has built a \$60,000 home on the beach for weekends and vacations from his executive job in nearby Savannah. A third, absentminded when it comes to golf, lives in St. Paul, Minn., but is building a home facing a Sea Pines fairway. A fourth, a fisherman, lived in Boston, now has built a house in Sea Pines just yards from the ocean's edge. An artist, who left a family chemical business to move to the island to paint, says: "It was a frightening idea at first, but we have never regretted the decision since." One way the company hopes to prevent later regrets by

Sea Pines homeowners is by screening prospective buyers for what it subjectively judges to be community compatibility. There are many people who don't care about passing such a test but, refreshingly, any considerations of conspicuous affluence and religion are given no weight by the Sea Pines management.

Hilton Head Island takes its name from one William Hilton, a 17th-century English explorer—no kin to Conrad, but the present developers will pardon you for confusing the two. Hilton went back to England to report that on the island "the Air is clear and sweet, the country very pleasant and delightful, and we could wish that all they of our English Nation, who wish a happy settlement, were well transported thither," and his unaltered remarks are widely quoted by the Sea Pines Company, as you can imagine. But, of course, it was Indians who were first transported thither, followed by Spaniards, Frenchmen and even Yankee soldiers during the Civil War. A Sea Pines bird watcher with extraordinary peripheral vision frequently picks up the Indians' left-over arrowheads nowadays and ceremonial ruins, still visible, were built around 3,800 years ago.

The renaissance of Hilton Head began in 1950 when a syndicate of southern lumbermen bought the island and began to cut its stand of yellow pine. Supervising the shipping of the timber, destined for Norwegian shipwrights and African bridge builders, was Charles E. Fraser, the 21-year-old son of the syndicate head, Lieut. General Joseph Fraser, now a retired Army officer. Charles Fraser, 33 today, is a man of compact size and enormous mental energy, and it is he, chiefly, who has been responsible for building Sea Pines into a multi-million-dollar empire.

While working on his father's shipping docks, Fraser was between the University of Georgia and the Yale law school, which he entered that fall. In his free time he used to drive a logging tractor around the island to explore it—especially the south end, where the beaches, forests, marshes, creeks and lagoons crowd upon one another in romantic profusion.

*continued*



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## Idyllic Island

"For years I had had a hobbyist's interest in architecture and land development," he says, "and it was easy to see Hilton Head had a lot of promise. For what, I wasn't really certain, but I did feel it was far too fine a place to be chopped up in a quick-buck real estate operation. I thought it would be better to leave it alone entirely."

What Fraser proposed to do, then, was to come up with some sort of ideal answer, then sell the land to someone who would follow his ideas. By the time he got out of Yale, and a two-year hitch in the Air Force, he had a plan for a leisure-oriented community in mind and a buyer in hand, himself.

Says Fraser: "I made such a good case for the island's potential that I no longer felt like entrusting it to somebody else." Thus, in 1956, he bought 4,000 acres of Hilton Head from his father and his family for \$600,000, later added 1,200 acres which he bought (for \$1 million) from other syndicate members. He formed a corporation, Sea Pines Plantation Company, and was in business.

The master land development plan for Sea Pines is the work of Sasaki & Walker, a Massachusetts firm noted for its knowledge of optimum land use. The plan, in broadest terms, provided a layout that would permit as many as six rows (non-uniform rows, to be sure) of houses along the beaches, plus less dense concentrations of houses facing a golf course, the tidal creeks that will be dredged for small boats, and so on. Following the plan, main roads in the Sea Pines area are set well back from the beach, while short, dead-end access roads lead to the beachfront homes. The arrangement not only preserves the good looks of the beach but brings front-row (and back-row) houses nearer to the water and gives depth to property values. "There's less drop in prestige than there'd be if you had to cross the main road to get to the beach," says Fraser. "There's a psychological lift in being on the ocean side."

Because the main road does not run along the shoreline like a cartographer's tracing pen, says John Wade, an architect and land planner formerly with Sasaki & Walker and now with Sea

Pines, there is no special pressure on front-row builders to put up show places to be admired by passers-by. "The effect," says Wade, who has designed 60% of Sea Pines buildings, "is to give all the houses, whether near the water or farther back, a feeling of balance. You don't have a situation like you find in Palm Beach, where the showplaces on the beach—and the road—put to shame the houses behind them."

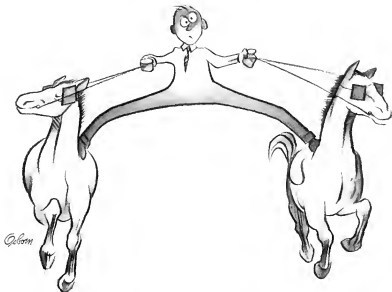
All Sea Pines home designs are carefully scrutinized by an architectural review board before they are built. Even the placement of some houses is dictated by company covenants; front-row beach houses, for example, must not block the view of second-row houses. The reasons for the covenants, of course, are not to create sameness and look-alike housing, but to ensure that durable, low maintenance materials are used, that strong foundations are built (hurricanes are not unknown along the Carolina coast), and that had design or just plain ugliness does not pull down the values of adjacent sites. Except for minimum-size restrictions, cost of a proposed house, which on Hilton Head can run as low as \$10 a square foot, is expressly outside the company's jurisdiction or interest. The homes already built vary in architecture but show consistent use of bleached swamp cypress and redwood siding, light-colored masonry foundations, large expanses of glass and breezeways and, overall, the stamp of contemporary design. Taken as a whole, the homes are as handsome and unobtrusive as the surroundings.

**T**he purchase of lots has followed a predictable progression. Says Wade: "The first to sell were the most expensive ones, those on the beach side of the road, because of the view amenities. The next-highest demand is for golf course lots—recreational amenity. Then the community amenities will take over. The pioneers will be settled and the less adventurous will come because they can find the security of precedence."

Since the idea behind Sea Pines is recreation, and since to 5 million Americans

continued





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the idea of recreation is golf, the company has built one of the finest courses on the Atlantic seaboard. Yet early in the area's development the golf course was not given particular thought. "We were all rank amateurs in the beginning," says John Wade. And, adds Charles Fraser, "We had in mind just something we could build houses around that would give us a year-round attraction and would give the duffers something to do." What changed that blind approach was the golf course architect, George W. Cobb, who was hired to design the Sea Pines course.

"Right off the bat," says Cobb, an expansive man who is also a consultant to the Augusta National course, "I told Charlie that a second-class golf course was the best way I could think of to create a second-class community. But a first-class course! Now that's what would bring the first-class golfers, the people with the first-class taste."

**T**he course Architect Cobb was eventually allowed to build cost about \$750,000. For professional reasons he will not say whether it is his proudest achievement, but it is the first course he has designed that his wife has walked over from one end to the other—"just because it's so beautiful." A good part of that beauty accrues quite naturally. Because of a quantity of marshes, swamps and lagoons on Hilton Head, much of the course is built upon drained and filled-in land. Consequently, relatively few trees had to be felled to clear fairways. The dense forests left as natural borders give the course, not yet two years old, an air of serene maturity and mellowness. The 304 highly desirable homesites that line the fairways sell for an average \$6,000.

Cobb and Fraser got so carried away with the native splendor of the golf course terrain, in fact, that on one fairway they extemporaneously created a dogleg in order to skirt around a monumental old magnolia tree, and in the process Fraser eschewed himself out of a dozen already plotted building lots. "It's not the tactic most real estate salesmen

might take," says Fraser, "but then that's one reason I didn't mind doing it."

Aside from the stunning expense, (\$175,000), Fraser also did not mind giving the go-ahead, either, for the picturesque 15th green. This green sits high atop the filled-in mouth of an old lagoon and, from a distance, it appears poised to swan-dive into the ocean below. Since all new golf courses come with built-in inferiority complexes and are customarily compared to eminent predecessors, company men like to stand around gazing at the 15th green and asking solemnly if it doesn't remind you of California's Pebble Beach or of Scotland's St. Andrews.

Other lagoons, not filled in, meander through the course, and their earliest inhabitants, leatherneck alligators, have been left to their private devices. The reptiles are water hazards of no importance, the company explains to new arrivals, with what it hopes is infectious casualness. The deep concern for senior-citizen magnolias, wildlife and damn-the-expense greens has practical aspects, too. As Fraser candidly points out, "the golf course we built would have been a financial folly except for the fact that we created about \$2 million worth of fairway lots at the same time. On the other side of the coin, the same land would have been virtually unsalable without the golf course in front of it. It has turned out to be a rather pleasant mutual accommodation." The ex-swamp golf course has given Sea Pines subtle benefits, too. It helps keep the William Hilton Inn, a resortish hostelry owned by the company to entice prospective buyers, in guests and in the black all year. And 2½ of the guests come across with down payments. Finally, the course has brought in the shops and services that could not be established for the summer season alone.

As is true in many of the other recreational land developments, the conscientious attempt to leave much of the property unmolested has led Sea Pines to set aside 1,600 acres of interior forests as a wildlife refuge where residents in supervised parties may hunt deer, wild pigs, rabbits, quail, chukar and pheasants. There, in contrast to the bustle of build-

ing outside it, things are statically beautiful, smothered under tons of moss that hang like southern history, gray and forelorn, from the live oaks. In the refuge and elsewhere on Hilton Head some 240 species of birds come and go, and if you won't take the word of the local Audubon Society on that, they will supply you with a list and you can check it out yourself. Although the preserve has been permanently excluded from development plans, estates (at \$1,500 an acre) are sold along one edge for those to whom the solitude amenities loom large.

The company quotes Naturalist Julian Huxley on the subject: "Wilderness lovers constitute a sizable minority—and also include a sizable portion of interesting characters and original thinkers. Wilderness is, in the long run, one of the major functions humanity demands from the surface of the earth."

**T**his year Sea Pines will sell about the same number of lots as last year—for \$850,000—and, emboldened by this momentum, the company will continue to push expansion plans that run 15 years ahead. Already three churches, on donated land, are beginning to rise, and next year the Sea Pines Beach and Golf Club will get under way. The club, to become the social nucleus of the community, will have guest rooms, an indoor-outdoor pool, tennis courts and a beauty shop. Near by, two-story cooperative apartments will be built. Off on the bay side of Sea Pines facing the inland waterway, the present marina will be enlarged and a yacht club ("with a lower-case Y," says Fraser), a landing strip and another golf course will be constructed. The company's list of improvements grows as fast as the community.

But however the development grows or changes, profit, says Fraser, must always be balanced against respect for the land. "Unspoiled tracts of land on the Atlantic seaboard will be used up by 1985," he says. "Owners should therefore develop them cautiously to preserve their natural beauty. Handsight will be worthless because there won't be any place to start over."

# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE MIDWEST

Cincinnati is at it again; two straight titles and not a sign of a respite for rivals Virginia tried a zone defense, but Ron Bonham scattered it with 30 points and the Bearcats won 91-42. Miami of Ohio attempted a slower approach, and only lost 58-36. George Washington decided on a fast break, and wound up losing 86-59. Cincinnati's Missouri Valley rivals played hopefully on. St. Louis lost 84-59 to Ohio State, then beat Kansas State 59-57. Bradley was an 87-81 winner over Butler and Wichita, after a 79-69 loss to Colorado, beat Purdue 79-59.

Big Ten coaches who thought they were rid of Ohio State when the Buckeyes lost Jerry Lucas had better take another look. The fresh young Bucks, led by Cemer Gary Brads, beat St. Louis and Virginia (70-46), then took on highly ranked West Virginia. When the Mountaineers made the mistake of going to a zone defense in the second half the alert Buckeyes rebounded better, began shooting and won looking strong, 76-69. Illinois and Iowa stayed unbeaten and Minnesota surprised Kansas State 73-62. But Indiana and Wisconsin were beaten.

Colorado, the Big Eight champion, was off to a good start, but the Buffs had a watchful eye on Oklahoma. Under their new coach, Bob Stevens, the once deliberate Sooners were running hard, outsparring SMU 96-83 and St. John's 84-63. Among the independents, Loyola drubbed North Dakota State 110-56, Margarette beat Wake Forest 87-72 and Texas Western 77-65, Notre Dame outscored Michigan State 92-85, St. Francis (Pa.) 101-70 and Valparaiso 102-90. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (2-0)
2. OHIO STATE (2-0)
3. LOYOLA (3-0)

## THE EAST

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp was beginning to wonder about his Wildcats. First, they lost their home opener, an almost unheard-of absurdity, and last Saturday they had a frantic struggle against inexperienced Temple at Philadelphia. Cotton Nash, hobbling around on a severely bruised heel, could manage only three field goals and the Owls, led by Gary Kasper's 19 points, stayed with the Wildcats until the last 82 seconds. Then rookie Randy Embry plunked in a jump shot, Sentry Basler converted two free throws and Kentucky was in, 56-52.

Although the season was barely a week

old, some of the usual eastern leaders were already soundly beaten and nobody looked very forbidding. St. John's, Providence, Holy Cross and Manhattan—upset by St. Peter's, 65-52—all lost. St. Joseph's was still winning, over Hofstra 70-64 and Albright 75-61, but the hustling Hawks may soon have some competition for their No. 1 spot. NYU, down to eight players after Happy Hairston was declared ineligible, still had Barry Kramer and he scored 42 points to lead the Violets past Georgetown 85-65. Seton Hall's Nick Werkman was up to his old scoring ways. He pumped in 37 and 42 points as his team beat St. Anselm's 90-70 and Loyola of Baltimore 75-57. Duquesne, even without Willie Somerset, who is lost for the season, was good enough to beat Kent State 62-50 and St. Francis (Pa.) 61-59. Princeton also looked menacing enough to challenge St. Joe's Sophomore Bill Bradley (see page 48) lived up to his notages as the Tigers overpowered Villanova 68-53 and Army 71-54. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (2-0)
2. TEMPLE (3-0)
3. PRINCETON (3-0)

## THE SOUTH

It is going to take more than mere strategy to beat Duke in the ACC. South Carolina tried to do it with ball control and a zone defense, and all it got for its trouble was a 95-63 passing. Sophomore Guards Ron Herbster and Denny Ferguson swarmed all over the Gamecocks, and Art Heyman shot over them for 28 points. Maryland was even less troublesome. Heyman got 32 points, Jeff Mullins put in 21, and Duke won 92-56. North Carolina and Wake Forest took conference victories, too. The Tar Heels beat Clemson 64-48 and South Carolina 75-65; Wake Forest trimmed North Carolina State 66-58.

While Kentucky was off to a slow start, there was no noticeable shortage of contenders in the SEC. If anything, there was an abundance. Mississippi State overwhelmed Arkansas A&M 90-55, Louisiana Tech 80-61 and Northeast Louisiana 79-56. Auburn shuffled deftly past Howard 69-50 and Florida State 65-47, while Georgia Tech, sporting a new double-pivot, surprised Furman 80-79 and SMU 73-56. Even Tennessee, playing new Coach Ray Meyer's crowding defense and disciplined offense for all they were worth, looked good enough to give the favorites trouble. The Vols turned up with two sharp shots in Danny Schultz and A. L.

Davis and beat Rice 75-52 and Xavier 63-48.

The Southern Conference was already down to two teams—West Virginia, which outscored A&M 100-74 before heading for its comeuppance in Columbus, and Virginia Tech's Gobblers, who survived some unexpected resistance to beat Richmond 76-68 and William and Mary 77-71 in overtime.

Coch Ed Diddle, who has sent many a towel soaring in his 41 years in Western Kentucky, had good reason to joyously engage in his hobby last week when his team flattened Texas Western 101-66 for Diddle's 750th coaching victory. The top three:

1. DUKE (3-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (3-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (3-1)

## THE SOUTHWEST

There is no place like home in the Southwest. Rice, TCU, Baylor, SMU, Texas A&M and Texas Tech were all battered on the road. Only Texas and Arkansas survived. The tall and sprightly Longhorns ran over East Texas 71-38 and beat Tulane 81-72. Arkansas held off Kansas 64-62 in overtime and beat Missouri 70-61.

Houston blew an early lead but scrambled back on the shooting of big Lyle Harger (20 points) and little Chet Oliver to squeeze past Nebraska 68-64, then overcame Baylor 70-61. Arizona State beat Whitlir 94-63, Fresno State 89-61 and Pepperdine 83-71. But Arizona grabbed the highest prize. The Wildcats got in front of Wisconsin, and then stalled their way to a 51-46 upset victory. The top three:

1. HOUSTON (2-0)
2. ARIZONA STATE (3-0)
3. TEXAS (2-0)

## THE WEST

Oregon State's 7-foot Mel Counts did everything that was expected of him. He left in soft jumpers and dunked layups for 31 points. He gathered in 23 rebounds like a giant octopus. But still the Beavers couldn't beat Seattle. One reason was the absence of Guard Terry Baker who is still with OSU's bowl-bound football team. Another was "Sweet Charlie" Williams, a sixth sophomore who set off the Chieftains' fast break, fed his teammates, stole the ball on defense and scored 14 points as Seattle won 60-58. State had better luck the next night. Counts got 31 again and the Beavers whipped Washington 57-45. Meanwhile, Seattle beat Idaho State 85-66.

Stanford and, surprisingly, California opened strong. Stanford beat St. Mary's 81-72 and Utah 81-50 while Cal breezed past St. Mary's 77-63 and San Francisco 62-57. But UCLA had its troubles. The Bruins lost to Colorado 82-60 and Colorado State 66-65 in overtime. The top three:

1. STANFORD (2-0)
2. COLORADO STATE (3-0)
3. SEATTLE (2-0)



## Mother Knows Best on the Nicer Points of Football

**Mother also makes bets—on as spooky a system as ever  
bewildered a son and bankrupted a bookmaker**

by JOEL SAYRE

My mother, who is 84, is mad about football players. She lives, off and on, in a Pittsburgh hotel where visiting teams sometimes stay—professionals in town to play the Steelers, and collegians there to play Pitt.

A few years ago I phoned my mother from New York and told her that the next day I was going to watch the Giants play their first home game—in Yankee Stadium against the Washington Redskins. She told me it would do me a world of good to get some fresh air for a change. Then she asked me who I thought would win, and I told her that, according to the experts, the game should be just a wholesome workout for the Giants.

"The Redskins are such a nice family team," she said. "Johnny Olewski, their fullback, has three children. I told her that the Giants' fullback, Mel Triplett, was the father of eight. "For heaven's sake!" she said. "I never knew that." The size of Mel's family seemed to awe my mother. I suggested that on the basis of such vital statistics the Giants should score two and two-thirds times as many points as the Redskins would. "You may be right," she said, "though personally I doubt if they'll come out ahead by such a wide margin."

If you recall the game I saw, it was quite an upset. The Giants had won their first three games on the road—against San Francisco, St. Louis and Pittsburgh—and the game with the

Steelers had been a real cliffhanger. Later the Giants' coach, Jim Lee Howell, said, "Every time we see that Bobby Layne, he scares us to death." Perhaps winning the cliffhanger took something out of the Giants. At any rate, the Redskins wouldn't hold still, and the score was 24-0.

After dinner I called my mother and congratulated her on her picking. "Oh, I knew it would be like that," she said. She knew it would be 24-0? "Well, no, but I somehow had the feeling that the Giants wouldn't come out ahead by a wide margin. So when I was offered 10 points, I considered it my duty to accept. A very nice gentleman here in the hotel gave me the points and the Redskins. Wasn't that sweet of him?"

Who was this nice, sweet gentleman? "A Mr. Blancheflower, but he has the oddest nickname. They call him the Belfast Chicken." Was the Chicken staying at the hotel? "He isn't actually registered here, but I see him every time I pass the cigar stand." Now for the Big One: How much had she bet? "Three." Three dollars? "No, \$300. It was some old birthday money I'd put by to have some fun with some day."

In all my life I had never known my mother to make a bet, and I would have worried if she had risked money on there being a U.S. Grant registered at Grant's Tomb. Had Mr. Blancheflower paid off? "Why, of course. I told you he was a gentleman, didn't I?" Phew! So she had,

and so he was. Well, now that she had had her fun, she could bank it first thing in the morning, couldn't she? In the savings account, repeat, savings account. "But I can't do that," my mother said. "I've already put the whole \$600 on the Philadelphia Eagles."

The Eagles had opened that year against the Cleveland Browns and got their brains kicked out. They next squeaked past the Dallas Freshmen, but had to block two point-after-touchdown attempts to do it. In their third game they managed to beat St. Louis and look terrible at the same time. That coming Sunday they were playing Cleveland again. The score in the opener was Browns 41, Eagles 24. This time it was bound to be worse.

"You know, that's what everybody thinks," my mother said, lowering her voice and giggling like a girl owning up to some amorous escapade. "You should see the lovely points I'm getting. Did you notice that the Eagles beat Detroit today? What do you think of Detroit?" I told her they went 3-8-1 last season, and that this fall they had already dropped three straight—just another ball club. "Don't be too sure," she said. "They have such pretty names: Yale Lary, Night Train Lane, Nicholas Pietrosante. And you know Joe Schmidt is one of our Pittsburgh boys!"

I said it was a pity the Eagles couldn't borrow all four of them to help out in Cleveland next Sunday—at that game

*continued*



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## Yesterday

she had bought a \$600 ticket to. "Oh, I've put only \$300 on next Sunday's game," she said. "The rest I've put on the Eagles to win the semifinals." By semifinals my mother meant merely the championship of the league's Eastern Conference.

"You see, they're not giving points on the finals till they know who the other semifinals winner is; but they're giving odds. Mr. Blancheflower tells me it's like getting something down in the winter books for the Kentucky Derby. Well, there were some perfectly splendid bargains to choose from, and I chose the Eagles. After all, your father and I were married in Philadelphia."

What was I to do? If I called her house detective and got him to make the Belfast Chicken give her back her original \$300, she would probably stop speaking to me. How about the FBI? Was there a law against teaching an innocent octogenarian to gamble? While I was trying hard to think of some answers, she said, "Mercy, this talk of ours must be costing you a fortune. We'd better hang up, dear. Good night."

My nine weeks' travail began with that Eagles-Browns return game. With 30 seconds left to go in the last quarter, the score Cleveland 29, Philadelphia 28 and the ball in midfield. Norm Van Brocklin threw a long pass intended for Pete Retzlaff. It was intercepted by the Browns, run back to midfield again, and there went my mother's birthday money that she had put by to have some fun with some day.

But, oh, magnificent Jehovah, a flag was down on the play! Interference! Vince Costello, the Browns' linebacker, had tripped Retzlaff, and it was the Eagles' ball again. Then Walston, the end whose wonderful face looks as though it was carved out of a walnut, kicked a field goal. Final score: Eagles 31, Browns 29.

### Some side dishes

The following Sunday my mother introduced what she called a side dish. The Eagles weren't playing that week, so she put \$300 on St. Louis to beat the Giants in their return game at the Yankee Stadium, and they did, 20-13. I was worried green, of course, over the pick. "We all had such a lovely time at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904," she explained.

Every Sunday the Eagles would double my mother's money, and the side dish became a regular added attraction. How

she could smell out an upset! Despite my stern and repeated warnings that Paul Brown was a genius, the most dangerous coach in pro football, a winner of 11 titles in 14 years, and therefore in being to be avoided like the pest, my mother loved to beat Cleveland. She sidedashed against them in their three regular season losses, their tie with St. Louis and even their defeat in the runners-up post-season playoff by Detroit, that just-another-hall club of mine. "I never cared for Cleveland," she would say. "It's so terribly drafty in winter."

I had not been betting on any games myself because I had been so busy shivering in the stands or sweating before the set and dying for Dear Old Mother. But near the end of the season I did have one bet. I won't name my pick: all I'll say is that I put a great deal of effort on it. This team represented a town never exceptionally drafty in winter, and it was one my family had always had happy relations with and pleasant memories of. Some of the gladiators had romantic names, and on the squad there was fatherhood in plenty. Most important of all, perhaps, it would have been a big upset if my pick had won. Instead, alas, it got creamed. I didn't tell my mother of my bet, but asked her if she could account for the creaming. She reflected for a moment, then said, "Their general manager carries a revolver."

After the Eagles had won the championship by beating the team she never calls the Packers, but always the Green Boys (and whenever she does, it always makes me think of pool tables), I asked my mother how she had been able to make such a dazzling pick so early in the season with only nosediving evidence to go on.

Well, in the first place, she had heard or read that Norm Van Brocklin was a model family man. As she put it, "Busy as he was, and worried to death, naturally, he still found time to show those little girls of his over our state battlefields." That swayed her mightily, but the clincher was when she learned—through Heaven knows what channels—of the tattoo that Chuck Bednarik earned on his colossal right arm. It is a winged heart topped by a rising, or maybe a setting, sun (Chuck himself isn't certain which), and in the center of the design is etched the word **MOTHER**. With two such boys as that on the team, how could the Eagles possibly lose?

END

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## GOPHERS, BADGERS AND RABBITS

Sirs:

I would like to suggest that Gwilym S. Brown remove his head from the sand and start reading some newspapers published west of The Bronx (*Two Guys' Kill the Gophers*, Dec. 3). By stating that Minnesota was unfairly penalized, Mr. Brown proves that he is not like the "rabbi-cared" official he mentions in his article but that he does resemble another equally familiar animal with long ears.

It should be obvious to everyone that when rules are set forth, whether it be in football or any other region of our social system, infractions of same must result in punishment. Where the official did err was in not adding 15 yards for every shake he received.

E. J. SCHNEIDERS

Milwaukee

Sirs:

The Minnesota penalty did not prevent Wisconsin's Badgers with a touchdown. They were still 13 yards away from the promised land. Wisconsin ran three plays right into the best defensive team against rushing in the country before it choked up six points.

Mr. Brown also failed to report that on the ensuing kickoff Minnesota had a fair runback and, with the help of two pass interference penalties (one of which may be called questionable, if the Minnesota penalty was questionable), made it to Wisconsin's 14-yard line. This put them in the same situation that Wisconsin was in a few seconds before. A touchdown here meant victory for the Gophers. But here Minnesota, which had been eating up huge chunks of yardage on an option-type play all afternoon, decided not to run but pass. This was their Waterloo. The rest is history.

JIM LAMAR

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

It is ridiculous to place Wisconsin above Minnesota as the top three ratings in the Midwest when Minnesota beat Wisconsin and the refs beat Minnesota. In fact, the refs gained almost as much yardage as Wisconsin—218 vs. 219 yards. Minnesota is the better team!

RICHARD R. BORSCHEN

Minneapolis

Sirs:

Brown's story was an honest account. The men in stripes turned a hard-fought encounter

between two fine teams into a fiasco of whistles. A tremendous amount of sweat and desire went all for naught. After that flagrantly unjustified penalty against Bell, Wisconsin could take little satisfaction from their win and Minnesota was left feeling resentful and betrayed.

Minneapolis

Sirs:

As you can see (below), several chops up here at the Minneapolis office of Campbell-Mithun took the results of the Minnesota-Wisconsin game very seriously.

R. B. PILE

Vice-President

Minneapolis



## Ivy King

Sirs:

We at Cornell choked on your article about the Dartmouth football team (*In's Dex*, Dec. 3). In particular, such comments about Bill King as "fine quarterback" followed closely by "better than Gary Wood of Cornell" are nonsense and you know it. Had Wood had the blocking that King had, his season total might well have become his one-game average. It might be pointed out in passing that Wood's two-year career totals in Ivy League play exceed King's three-year output.

STEVEN N. WEISBART

STEPHEN E. GREENE

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bill King is not the best quarterback in the Ivy League.

D. V. SWARTZ

Head Line Coach,  
Cornell 150-pound team

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

If Bill King is to be compared with Terry Baker, George Mara and Tom Myers,

then Gary Wood would have to be compared with Y. A. Tittle, Johnny Unitas and Norm Van Brocklin.

BROTHERS OF DELTA UPSILON

Ithaca, N.Y.

## DODGED RIDGE

Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article on skiing in the West in your December 3 issue. But I do feel that we must present you with a few facts on Dodge Ridge. Although Mr. Bowen apparently does not consider us a major resort, we like to think that we are and can assure you that a great many skiers do. Last year we spent approximately \$250,000 on a completely new ski-bowl development and 3,300-foot-long Riblet double chair lift. In fact, we have a pretty sizable capital investment, with 15 lifts, including two double chair lifts, two Poma lifts, two Alpine platter lifts and nine rope tows; paved parking facilities for more than 2,000 automobiles; and a complete ski-center operation, exclusive of lodging facilities.

Eraa Bowen states that "only Aspen among major U.S. ski resorts has ever paid a dividend to its stockholders." Dodge Ridge started operation in November 1959. It has been a profitable enterprise continuously since that date. Several seasons ago it was rated as one of the top money-makers in the U.S. It has paid a dividend to its stockholders for the past three years.

HAL ROHRER

San Mateo, Calif.

Sirs:

As you know, skiing has just recently become a big industry here. Your fine article will certainly go a long way toward helping this industry continue to grow.

JACK LACY

Director, Department of Development  
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

## GLUE BOWL

Sirs:

I would like to comment about the forthcoming bowl situation. Penn State, which quite possibly has the best team in the country, is being denied a chance to prove itself against a top-ranking team.

I always thought the purpose of a bowl game was to bring together outstanding teams from different sections of the country (one reason for the Rose Bowl's perennial success) but down there in Sugar and Cotton Bowl land we have the Southeastern and Southwest conference all stuck together like glue.

continued



# WINTHROP

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15TH HOLE *continued*

Arkansas, which didn't even win the Southwest Conference, gets to go to the Sugar Bowl, while also-ran LSU goes to the Cotton Bowl. These contests might intrigue the fans down there, but for nationally televised games I don't think they hold much interest.

I suggest they put aside their sibling rivalry and prove to the rest of the country just how good they are.

ROBERT P. HUNDLEY

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

#### BEAR AT THE BALL

Sirs:

Hurrah for Bear Bryant, and for your astute editors (*A Rough Day for the Bear*, Nov. 26). It certainly was nice of the Bear to order his team to play a good, clean football game against Georgia Tech. I am sure the fact that a record number of photographers (25) was present had nothing to do with the Bear's reformation. For you to give him credit for changing his style in one game out of the hundreds he has coached, and under those conditions, is like praising Sonny Liston for behaving himself at the policemen's ball. The Bear sure pulled the wool over your eyes. From now on you ought to call him the Fox.

JERRY RASCOE

Mc Lebanon, Pa.

Sirs:

I respectfully submit that you lay off Coach Bryant. He is the best in the country, so let's admit it. He is also a perfect gentleman and has the respect of his players.

MRS. L. C. HARDY JR.

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

#### BITTER END

Sirs:

When you round up your hockey scores each week in *FOR THE RECORD* please try and refrain from those snide remarks about the Boston Bruins at the tail end of the hockey standings!

As a Bruin fan, I am fed up to the teeth with cute little remarks. All week long I have to put up with them at work. They are fired at me like a two-barrel shotgun from the Boston sportswriters each and every day, twice a day, in three different newspapers.

Radio and TV commentators are on the cute-remark bandwagon, too. This is done with a large sigh or one of those "what else?" looks. And so, I beg of you! Just the scores please. Nothing else. No "huzzas," no cracks about "coaches going into limbo." Just plain scores: "Boston 7-Chicago 0." Period.

Well? It could happen.

DENISE ARBARELLA

Sharon, Mass.

● Could it?—ED.



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